MAY 6 1949

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXVII. No. 946. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1949 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 393
THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM 395
THE MOOD OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By Alexander Werth 396
CRISIS IN ITALY? 396
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 397
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL ANTHEM. By Sagittarius 398
THIS ENGLAND 398
SOCIALISM OR MIXED ECONOMY? By G. D. H. Cole 398
THE KARENS 399
THE SHAME OF THE CITIES. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 400
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus 401
LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS. By J. B. Priestley 401
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
The Shadow of the Master. By Clive Bell 402
The Stratford Macbeth. By T. C. Worsley . 403
The English Operas. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 404
Radio Notes. By Mark Ogilvie 404
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . . 404
CORRESPONDENCE 405
From J. B. Napier Bell; Donald Barber; David Ross; Marguerite R. Jellicoe; Rev. J. M. Cartwright; F. R. Leavis; John Barclay; Siegfried Sassoon; Malcolm Darling; James Bridie.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . . 408
REVIEWS:
Personalism. By C. E. M. Joad 409
New Novels. By J. D. Scott 410
The Royal Society. By Walter Allen . . . 411
Russian Poetry. By J. M. Cohen 412
Two Americans. By Jack Common . . . 413
Hodge and His Masters. By G. D. H. Cole 414
Edwardian Yorkshire. By Alan Ross . . . 414
A Cornish Rhapsody. By John Richardson 415
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 416

THE CROWN AND THE COMMONWEALTH

WHILE Eire celebrated the breaking of the last formal tie with Britain, seven Prime Ministers were on their way to London with the main purpose of discussing the relations between the Republic of India and the other members of the Commonwealth. There is a sharp and significant contrast between the attitude of Mr. MacBride and Mr. Nehru. The Eireann Foreign Minister can never forget the Easter Rising of 1916. The memory of oppression colours all his policy and drives him to actions which have little to do with Eire's interests and to proposals for a Federal solution of partition which are wildly remote from reality. Mr. Nehru and his colleagues, on the other hand, thanks very largely to the courage of the Prime Minister and the tact and integrity of Lord Mountbatten in the crucial last months of the Raj, can thrust on one side the many years which they have spent in British jails and base their policy on the common interests which bind India to her sister-nations in the Commonwealth.

It would, however, be an over-simplification to suggest that nothing but a verbal formula is required to achieve success at this Conference. There is an issue of real substance which, though it will not divide the Prime Ministers into opposing factions, will certainly cause each of them deep concern. Since the passing of the Statute of Westminster, the Crown remains the sole constitutional link uniting Britain and the Dominions. Strong as the bonds of sentiment, trade and strategy may be, there is force in the argument that the weakening of this single constitutional link might lead to the break-up of the Commonwealth. In the effort rapidly to expand and transform what was exclusively an association of White peoples into a new unity, in which Asiatics will outnumber Whites by five to one, there is undoubtedly a danger of destroying the old, and putting a mere shadow in its place. The status of Eire citizens resident in Britain is a reminder of the anomalies which arise when a Republic refuses to recognise even the Crown; and General Smuts, who no doubt is suspicious of Dr. Malan's republican and separatist leanings, was speaking in the name of all the English South Africans when he issued his warning a few days ago against any further loosening of Commonwealth ties even for the desirable aim of making it possible for India to be both a republic and a member-nation.

This, then, is the real difficulty which the Conference has to face. Although, unlike the delegates at Lake Success, or even the members of the Western European Council, the Prime Ministers may be ready, for reasons of common interest, to agree or agree to differ, they have to beware of two dangers. The first is that of stretching an already tenuous constitution until it dissipates itself into thin air. The second is that of creating a special status for India which might lead first to a special status for Pakistan and Ceylon, and then to a special status for South Africa, until finally the Commonwealth was nothing but a congeries of special cases.

It is, of course, clear that India's attitude to the Commonwealth differs markedly from that of Eire. The Irish were determined to be republicans and out of the Commonwealth: the Indians want to be republicans and in. But Indian feelings about the Crown are inevitably different from those of the Dominions. To the Australian or the South African—White settlers in Colonial territories—the King appears as a constitutional monarch; to the Indian he is the "Ind. Imp." of the coinage, the symbol of White ascendancy. It remains to be seen whether India can discard its subordination to *the Crown* as the symbol of Empire without severing its allegiance to *the King* as the symbol of kinship in a family of free and equal nations which share a common citizenship while retaining complete national sovereignty.

We have every hope that along these lines a solution will finally be found. If it is, the British faculty for self-renewal will once again have been strikingly displayed. Instead of holding tight to the past as Mr. Churchill would have had us do—and so losing both the present and future—Labour Britain will have developed for the first time in history since the fall of Rome a free citizenship which genuinely transcends race. The full development of this concept involves defeating colour prejudice in all Dominions.

Battle for the Ruhr

The constitutional struggle at Bonn is essentially a battle for the Ruhr. The Social-Democrats are now almost the only remaining champion of the nationalisation of the heavy industries. The Christian Democrats and their Bavarian associates are against it because they are backed by the Ruhr industrialists themselves, who have seen fit only recently to organise themselves into a "Federation of Catholic Industrialists," with the Archbishop of Cologne as their patron. The Americans are against it because they believe in free enterprise. The French are against it for reasons of security: a nationalised Ruhr in the hands of a German State endowed even with a minimum of authority would be a menace, whereas private ownership could be made to mean decentralisation of authority. The British may not be against nationalisation, but they have done nothing lately to show that they are for it, and they have not given the Social-Democrats any support. Against this combination, the Social-Democrats are fighting not merely for the integrity of their party platform but for the very life of their party. They can nationalise the Ruhr only if they have central authority, and they can get central authority only through central finance administration. If they give in on finance, they give in all along the line. The

industrial workers of the Ruhr, from whom they draw their strongest support, would regard such a surrender as a betrayal; and at least sections of them would drift towards the Communists. Dr. Schumacher has realised this, and is acting accordingly—to the Christian Democrats' annoyance.

Land Reform in Italy

Until now the group of landlords and reactionary politicians who surround the Italian Premier have defeated any efforts Signor de Gasperi may have made to carry out the promises of a progressive policy that he gave to Mr. Bevin. In deciding now that something must be done to neutralise the growth of Communism among Italy's landless peasantry he is apparently complying with American advice. In a newspaper interview he has announced that he intends to introduce a plan for agrarian reform. What he proposes is that landlords whose estates exceed 300 acres, in the case of arable land, or 750 acres in the case of mountain or forest, are to be required to sell "between 20 per cent. and 50 per cent." of their holdings either directly to peasants or to a State organisation which will re-sell to smallholders on an instalment system of payment, and will also advance capital for the development of land at present "extensively" cultivated. The Italian Premier claims that the reform will affect 8,000 landowners and involve the redistribution of nearly 3 million acres, of which about one-third are arable; the cost to the State is put at £44 million for purchases of land and £175 million for development. Will these good intentions in fact be carried out? Signor de Gasperi will have to overcome the opposition not merely of the Liberals, but of the land-owning Right wing of his own party, the Christian Democrats. Moreover, even if the Chamber passes legislation on the lines indicated by the Premier, the technique of the land reform now proposed appears to give considerable scope for obstruction by landowners who can probably evade the proposals by "selling" their land to several men of straw. We should like to believe that this projected legislation is a genuine effort to satisfy land hunger in Italy by breaking up the big estates, but we fear that it may prove to be no more than political window-dressing.

No Peace in China

Nothing in the recent performance of the Kuomintang troops nor in their present morale would seem to justify the attitude adopted by the Government negotiators in Peiping. If they prefer to continue the present disastrous war, they will only lose the last remains of prestige which their visit to Peiping retained for them. They knew the Communist conditions—Mao Tse-tung published them last January. They knew they could not hold Nanking, and the Communist proposal that they should be allowed an uncontested crossing of the Yangtse meant that loss of life could be avoided. The Communists have taken no risks. As it became known that the Kuomintang negotiators were likely to turn down the Communist ultimatum, Communist troops were reported to be massed ready for an offensive near Chinkiang, 40 miles east of Nanking. This was one of the four crossing points said to be included in the Communist terms—the others were Nanking, Wuhu, and Kiangyin, 60 miles Southwest and 60 miles East respectively of the capital. The Communists also maintained their earlier demands for the elimination of Chiang Kai-shek and several of his colleagues from Chinese politics, together with the right to approve or disapprove of the Nationalists who might be willing to enter a Coalition Government. These are tough demands, but the Communists have been tricked before. Now they have the upper hand, they are taking no chances. Nevertheless Mao Tse-tung in a message to President Li Tsung-jen last week said that they were prepared "to adopt a policy of clemency, that they were very willing to cooperate closely with all patriotic elements . . . to facilitate the great work of reconstruction." And as evidence of this moderate policy on the international field, they have included two British banks—the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation and the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China amongst the list of ten banks authorised to handle foreign exchange dealings in the area under Communist control.

Palestine Conference at Lausanne

Following Mr. Bunche's success in negotiating the series of Palestine armistices, the United Nations Conciliation Commission has called an informal peace conference which will open at Lausanne next week. Now that most of Israel's frontiers have been settled *de facto*, it remains to tackle the two thorniest problems, the status of Jerusalem and the future of the Arab refugees. With regard to the former, it is to be hoped that the quite impractical schemes for internationalisation will at last be dropped. The sensible solution is that Jerusalem should become the capital of both Israel and Transjordan, the new city going to the Jews and the old city to the Arabs. There is no reason to believe that a permanent United Nations Commission would protect the Holy Places better than the two nations whose chief invisible export will be the pilgrim trade. The Arab refugees, concentrated for the most part round Gaza and Nablus, also present an opportunity for co-operation between Israel and her neighbours. Some of those who live and work on the land should return to their homes in Israel where Arab living standards are now much the highest in the Middle East. But the occupations of most of the white-collar workers in the cities have been ended by the war, and it would be irresponsible to send them back to unemployment and so to re-create a serious minority problem. Far wiser to demand of the Jews that they pay full compensation for all the Arab property which Israel has acquired. Jewish compensation, together with the sums collected by the United Nations for refugee relief, would be sufficient to launch a really ambitious scheme of resettlement on the mountain land on both sides of the Jordan, and the Jews should be encouraged to offer their technical skill in this work. Resettlement would, of course, be facilitated by an immediate decision to go ahead with the Jordan Valley Authority. Here is a project—detailed blueprints have already been prepared—in which American capital, contributed under President Truman's plan for raising the standard of living of backward areas, could play a really constructive rôle in the Middle East.

More Tariff Talks

At Annecy, in Savoy, delegates from thirty-five countries have assembled this month for a further round of hard bargaining about tariffs and trade restrictions. The meeting, which is a sequel to the Geneva Tariff Conference of 1947, will be occupied mostly in bilateral discussions, the results of which will become generalised by virtue of the most-favoured-nation clause. The main purpose is to extend the methods employed at Geneva to the eleven new countries which have since become parties to the General Tariff Convention, and perhaps to a few others which are still hovering on the brink. Nothing at all substantial is likely to be done, as far as Great Britain is concerned, though there will doubtless be more talk about the need to get rid of Empire preferences, quotas, and other arrangements to which the United States objects. There is a possibility of the Scandinavian countries and Finland coming in as a group; and South Africa's drastic measures for the exclusion of luxury imports will certainly come under discussion. At this stage, however, there can be no question of ending the emergency regimes of import regulations that have been forced on many countries by dollar shortage, or in some cases by an overall lack of foreign exchange. The British delegates will need to watch out for attempts by the Americans, in the name of "non-discrimination," to limit our freedom to switch purchases from dollar sources to those where means of payment are easier.

Unfair Competition?

The cry of "discrimination" has already been raised against the domestic British film quota. In an oral protest, the State Department has claimed that this quota is designed more to protect British producers than to reduce the dollar remittances payable to Hollywood. At the same time, just as talks between the American industry and Mr. Rank, Sir Alexander Korda and Sir Henry French are about to begin, the spokesman for the U.S. exhibitors has intensified the pressure on the British delegation by claiming that, besides the quota protection, the Labour Government is using dollar aid to subsidise Hollywood's British competitors. Both arguments are disingenuous. If there were no quota, it is true, the British Government could still block the earnings from the flood of U.S. pictures that would fill our theatres. But we may be sure that the next demand would be for a substantial increase in the amount which can be remitted in dollars. We cannot give way on the quota, and we should expose the silliness of the suggestion that loans to independent producers here are possible only through American aid.

The Coal Board and its Critics

The Coal Board's threat to close Betteshanger Colliery in Kent, where discontent and the adoption of a "work-to-rule" policy had reduced output to a very low level, seems to have been effective in bringing the "go-slow" movement to an end, at any rate for the time being. But it is a sign of a very unhealthy situation that the Board should feel it necessary to resort to such threats; and it is difficult to believe that the need could have arisen unless there had been something really amiss with personnel relations at the pit. There are, despite the generally improved situation in the coalfields, still too many signs that all is not well with the Board's administration. Nor is all the discontent on the miners' side: many of the managers also are dissatisfied. Major Walton-Brown, as President of the British Association of Colliery Management, which represents the managerial grades, made an all-out attack on the Board at the Association's annual conference, accusing it of "inhumanity" in handling staff problems. We are not suggesting that the Board is always, or even usually, in the wrong on the specific issues on which it is attacked; but the frequent evidence of underlying mistrust does show that the very difficult problems of creating an administration that will work smoothly is still unsolved, and that there is too much attempt to impose uniformity and too little regard to long-established local practices. As the Board is now being re-organised and partly re-manned, not much more can usefully be said until the new arrangements are known; but it is to be hoped that the new brooms will sweep clean and soon.

Meanwhile, it is at least something that the arrangements for extra shifts are to continue; for, unsatisfactory though the results have been in terms of output, they are better than nothing.

Round the Conferences

It was not surprising to find both the Co-operative Party and the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers expressing sharp dissatisfaction with the Budget, especially over the limitation of food subsidies and the absence of concessions on the Purchase Tax, which the Co-operators particularly dislike. The Enginemen, who are particularly concerned with the electrical industry, protested unanimously against the appointment to regional Electricity Boards of persons "who have no knowledge of generation or supply," and demanded fuller joint consultation and a share in management. The National Union of Teachers, after hearing their first fraternal delegate from the teachers of the Soviet Union appeal to them to help the cause of world peace, went on to demand more rapid improvements in the provision for school meals and a speeding-up of educational building, and also reaffirmed the demand for equal pay for men and women teachers. The Independent Labour Party, which decided a year ago to cease putting up candidates of its own, reversed this decision, and staked out afresh its claim to be the true party of the workers as against the Labour Party and the Communists alike. The U.S. D.A.W. Conference defeated a resolution protesting against the General Council's decision to leave the World Federation of Trade Unions, whereas the Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen carried a protest against political "heresy-hunting" in the Trade Unions.

Capitalist Salaries

The most significant resolution passed at the Co-operative Party's Annual Conference was a protest against the Government's paying high salaries to Socialists, Trade Unionists or Co-operators appointed to official positions. There is undoubtedly strong working-class feeling on this question; and dissatisfaction with the Budget has aggravated it. The entire matter is difficult to handle well. When either regular Civil Servants or working-class leaders are appointed to positions in the new nationalised industries, then they must be paid less than business men or professional administrators for jobs of the same status, or the business people must be asked to take much less than they are accustomed to, or the business level of salaries must be adopted, with inevitable repercussions on salaries in other forms of public employment. Presumably, the Co-operative Party feels that the first of these solutions is least objectionable—the more so because it is afraid of repercussions on the salary conditions of the Co-operative Movement, which pays very low rates in comparison with private business. Indeed, it has often been argued that Co-operative managerial salaries are too low to attract or keep good men. Apart from this special factor, it would be a disaster if the British Labour movement were to follow the American example of assimilating the pay of Labour leaders to that of big business executives; and there is a real danger in creating a privileged class of ex-Labour public servants paid at what the workers will rightly regard as "capitalist" levels. The best solution would be for the Labour men affected voluntarily to forgo in part the high salaries open to them; a very few have actually done this, but it can hardly be expected of most unless the Trades Union Congress adds its pressure.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM

THE decision of the Washington Conference to permit Western Germany a higher level of industry looks at first, when lifted from its context and considered by itself, a work of sound sense and mercy. Nobody except a few doctrinaires like Mr. Morgenthau has ever believed that Germany could make an honest living at the levels imposed by the Four-Power agreement of March, 1946—that is, the reparations and dismantling pendant to Potsdam. At the Moscow conference of Foreign Ministers a year later, Mr. Molotov was as firm for revision as were Mr. Bevin and Mr. Marshall. In the event, as we know, the British and United States authorities went ahead on their own and revised drastically upward the levels agreed in 1946. They have now carried this Western revision a stage further—with the comparatively slight difference that their second bite at the apple extends also to the French Zone—and have given Western Germany the right to become once more the most powerful industrial complex on the mainland of Western Europe.

The two agreements published last week reduce by 159 the number of industrial plants subject to dismantling for reparations, and abolish several important qualitative restrictions imposed by the Four-Power agreement of 1946. Western Germany is to be allowed to build merchant ships up to 7,200 tons, with a maximum speed of 12 knots; and the prohibition of 1946 on the manufacture of such near-military products as optical instruments and chemicals is removed. Substantially, the only prohibitions which remain are on the making of synthetic rubber and fuel, and, of course, of all military equipment. The ceiling for steel production remains at 10,700,000 tons (or 11,100,000 tons including that of the French Zone) as agreed between the British and American authorities in October, 1947, with total productive capacity remaining at 13,500,000 tons.

How far the Western Powers have changed their mind about the future of Germany may be seen by the fact that the Mannesmann plants, which manufacture steel tubing at Duisberg, Duesseldorf and Witten, and formed a central part of Hitler's armaments machine, are to remain intact. It is also known that the Americans, advised by the Humphrey Committee of American industrialists, appointed by Mr. Hoffman to examine dismantling in the light of the Marshall Plan, were anxious to leave the greater part of the existing steel industry untouched. British and French views have prevailed only to the extent of ensuring that the steel plants of the Bochumer Verein and the August Thyssen Huette, some of the greatest in Europe, shall, at least in theory, be dismantled and made available as reparations.

It is when this new revision of Potsdam is examined against the background of social and economic realities in Western Germany to-day, and in the circumstances of the "cold war," that its wisdom becomes less obvious. It must be noted, to begin with, that there is no sound reason for believing that this is the last revision. Our own people might have dismantled the Thyssen steel plants at any time in the past three or four years, if they had had a mind to do it; for one reason or another, they delayed until the Americans had taken over the main financial burden for Western Germany and, with that, the principal say in what was to be done and not done. The Americans were opposed to dismantling and to reparations; accordingly, little or none was carried into effect. How can we be sure that the dismantling which was ordered by the agreements of March, 1946, and October, 1947, but never effected, will be effected now? The new agreement says in this connection, as if to answer the question, that all limitations, including that on steel, will be reviewed again in 1952 if no peace settlement has then been made. A nod, as they say, is as good as a wink.

But this is not the real objection to the agreements of last week. The real objection is that the Western Allies have done nothing to change the basic social and economic structure of Germany. The failure to expel from power the steel and iron barons who made their industries serve Hitler is now notorious. Even the British Government's hesitant steps toward "decartelising" the great monopolist groups of the British Zone have met with more or less complete frustration. What the British Government now wants—in astonishing contrast to almost everything that Mr. Bevin has had to say about the future of German industry—is, in the recent words of General Sir Brian Robertson, "to restore the German economy, subject only to restrictions for purely military reasons." Nothing could be clearer. Western Germany is not only to retain all but a fraction of its wartime industrial potential. Such generosity might well be justified. The crucial factor is that Western Germany is to be allowed, encouraged, and financed (in dollars) to make her living by the methods of unrestricted "free enterprise." It needs no great knowledge of German conditions to understand that this means no more nor less than the resuscitation of industrial and commercial monopoly in its most acute, cut-throat, expansive, and thrusting terms.

To complete this picture of revision—from the firm intention to democratise German institutions to the equally firm acceptance of the essential economic structure of wartime Germany—it needs only to be added that the Western authorities have now removed, on April 1st, the ban on foreign investment that was imposed by Four-Power consent after Potsdam. (Permission to invest *Deutschemarks* earned by foreign subsidiaries in Germany, such as those of General Motors and Ford, was granted last summer.) Characteristically, it is no longer the small and middle investor—as after 1918—who is expected to send his savings to Germany, but (according to Mr. Collinson, the Administrator for Marshall Aid in Western Germany) "concerns with a going interest in Germany, such as General Motors' Opel plant"—in other words, the masters of American heavy industry. We do not know how much these big investors now control, or intend to control, in Western Germany. They are known to have the Stinnes complex in the Ruhr; they are suspected of having arranged to buy their way into the I.G. Farben chemicals group. It would be less than natural if they let slip such useful adjuncts to their strength as those presented by many other parts of West German heavy industry.

Even if the Americans intend to hold their hand, the much-needed new capitalisation of German heavy industry can only come, in the present circumstances, from the old monopolies. It is they alone in Western Germany who remain in command of the necessary resources. In one way or another, the men who paid Hitler are being helped to climb back into the saddle. It did not need Mr. Fritz Thyssen's recent visit to Belgium, made with American backing in order to promote "co-operation" with Belgian steel-masters, to rub the lesson home. From these foundations, laid with the help of the Labour Government in the teeth of a score of solemn declarations to do the exact opposite, we can expect only one kind of Germany to arise.

THE MOOD OF SOVIET RUSSIA

MAY I not, like Anna Louise, be classed as a Notorious Anglo-American Imperialist Spy for having, while in Warsaw, talked to all kinds of people—Poles, British, and a few others—who have recently been in Russia! By "recently" I mean in the last few weeks.

All of them, and especially the British, agree that the Russians to-day are in "an ugly mood." And "ugly" was defined by my friend Catherine, who has just spent two months in Russia, who had been in Russia before, and speaks the language fluently, as "very scared and rather aggressive—but scared not of losing the war, but simply of having it." "The Atlantic Pact," she said, "has had a devastating effect in Russia. People abroad cannot realise how profoundly it has *offended* every ordinary Russian, who has been used, for years, to hearing about 'warmongers,' and who now sees in the Atlantic Pact the ultimate confirmation that the 'warmongers' are gaining the upper hand, and that their own great war effort is somehow being forgotten. You can talk to any Russian till you are blue in the face, and you will still fail to convince him that American air bases in Norway are required for the defence of America and not for the purpose of dropping atom bombs on Murmansk and Leningrad."

"All foreigners in Russia are treated with immense suspicion," Catherine said, "and, above all, anyone British or American. Everything has been done to impress upon the Russian people that all British and Americans are enemies, or potential enemies (except for a few patented friends like the Dean of Canterbury). Enormous publicity was given to the book by Annabelle Bucar, formerly of the U.S. Embassy, who married a Russian, and 'chose freedom' in the other direction, and also to the arrest of Anna Louise Strong. British and American correspondents in Moscow are made to feel like lepers, and even the *Daily Worker* correspondent is allowed little more freedom of movement and freedom of contact than the others."

"Do the Russians listen to the B.B.C. and the voice of America?" I asked Catherine.

"I asked quite a few Russians about it," she said. "From what I could make out, they listen to foreign broadcasts not regularly, but once in a while, and the effect it has on them is about the same as the effect William Joyce had on British listeners during the war. It makes them hopping mad, especially the Voice of America. The Russians, you see, have come to the conviction that, with American armaments piling up, the West wants to start a war against them, and the Atlantic Pact has confirmed all their suspicions, and the thought of another war, which will mean that all the reconstruction will have gone to pot, and that they'll have to start 'all over again' infuriates them more than you can imagine. I think there are quite a few Russians—though probably not very many—who suspect that there has been some bungling somewhere 'on top' in matters of foreign policy, and that the two clearest signs of this mismanagement are Berlin and Yugoslavia. Much as the Russian press may scream about the 'criminal Tito clique,' most Russians find it hard to believe that Tito, who had, for years, been built up as a great man, is really a traitor. And, as for Berlin, they realise that there was a very bad miscalculation somewhere."

The Russians are clearly worried about Berlin, and the idea that Stalin wanted a "reasonable compromise on Berlin," but that he was turned down, is deeply ingrained. There is, at the same time, as I already said, a strong suspicion that Molotov bungled the Berlin situation in the first place, and that, in their conduct of foreign affairs in the last year, the Russian top boys have been less intelligent than the others, and that the recent Government reshuffle is due partly to the need for a firmer grip on foreign affairs, with much better co-ordination than before, and partly to what the Russians consider "an immensely grown danger of war."

Outside Moscow, especially in places like Stalingrad and the Caucasus, people were much less nervous, Catherine said. The personal hostility with which she had met, as an Englishwoman, in Moscow, was much less marked, too. She aroused curiosity as any other foreigner would have done. In Stalingrad a great deal of reconstruction was in progress. Numerous factories were working, some of the main streets had been more or less rebuilt, and—this was typical—an enormous brand-new theatre was functioning. But several thousands of people were still living rather miserably in the cellars of wrecked houses—Berlin-like. In a place like Stalingrad the thought of another war seemed particularly monstrous.

Kislovodsk and Piatigorsk were lovely. Both were crowded with patients undergoing treatment and with people who had gone there for a rest-cure. "Here people seemed really happy," she said. "At Kislovodsk I ran into the old lift-girl at the Metropole Hotel in Moscow—the dreary old thing who, you remember, always suffered from gumboils and moaned and had a dirty handkerchief tied round her face. Here she was as happy as a lark, with her 26-day *putyovka*.

"I took the usual train from Moscow to Warsaw; naturally I had a compartment to myself; they wouldn't allow any Russian to be contaminated by Western influence for days on end. However, I used to talk to Russians in the dining-car. An extremely good dining-car it was, too; and at the stations there was also plenty of food to buy—though rather on the expensive side. But they weren't always pleasant talks. Once I sat at a table with a young Russian officer on his way to Germany. When I told him I was going to Warsaw he at first assumed that I was Polish, and he couldn't have been nicer. When, in the course of conversation, he found I was English, he became horribly stand-offish, and scarcely said another word. So, to keep the conversation going, I asked whether he had ever been in England. He pretty well snarled, 'No, but I'll go there during the next war.' I remarked that the Germans had said so before the last war, and had only got there as war prisoners. He merely gave me a dirty look and said icily: 'Don't compare us with the Germans.' I was sorry, because he was really such a nice and friendly fellow—but what was the good? Fortunately, the meal was over by now, so he gave me a frigid nod and left. Such a conversation six months ago would have been unthinkable.

"Also, the Russian Customs used to be quite easy before; they were emphatically beastly now when they learned I was English. They went through everything with a fine toothcomb; it's a wonder they drew the line at searching me. One official was intrigued by the mothballs in one of my cases (for the Russians use naphthalin flakes instead). 'What's that?' he said. Here I made a silly remark, I admit—but I was so fed-up with the whole proceedings. 'What do you think they are—atom bombs?' 'It's not a laughing matter, madam,' he said stiffly, 'and if you want to know, *you* and not *we* are going to get them.' Even when such things are said in jest, they are an unhealthy sign."

From all I have been hearing about Russia these last few days, I conclude that if, a few months ago, the Russians seemed completely confident that there would be no war, the rejection of the Stalin offer to Truman and the Atlantic Pact have created a dangerous Encirclement Psychosis in the country. When, from the West, M. Spaak screams, "We are frightened, we are frightened, don't you understand, Mr. Vyshinsky, that we are frightened?" and when, in the East now a similar, or worse, state of mind is rapidly developing, a situation is coming into being when even a minor provocation in Berlin or elsewhere might quickly persuade one of the sides to pull the trigger. Is it not high time that a Non-Aggression Pact, or a Berlin agreement, or *something*, were signed, which would relieve the present dangerous tension? Why must one assume that (bad though the method of approach was), if Stalin had met Truman, he would have had nothing constructive to offer? On the contrary, there is reason to suppose—judging from the immense disappointment the American rebuff caused in all quarters in Russia—that the Russians would, at the present stage, be willing to pay a price for some sort of peace guarantee—even if it means for them some loss of face in Berlin, and perhaps in Greece, and one or two other places.

Is it really in the nature of "cold wars" never to have an armistice? Yet what is the alternative? A conciliatory gesture from the West, or even a mere offer to talk, might, if done in the right way (preferably a U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. meeting to begin with) have a tremendous effect in Russia to-day, and might be of real practical value. What harm is there in trying? With the present "ugly moods" developing on both sides, the greatest danger of war will, of course, come from "incidents." Could not the Great Powers at least agree on no account to allow any incident, however serious, to unleash war? If they agreed to meet and discuss any such incident, before resorting to any further armed action, it might well prevent a war this year. That some American generals, and also Mr. Churchill, would welcome any good excuse to start a war this year is a very common belief in Russia.

Warsaw, April. ALEXANDER WERTH

CRISIS IN ITALY?

(By a Correspondent)

DESPITE the Italian Government's optimistic statements about Italy's recovery, unemployment is steadily spreading. According to the Labour Ministry's statistics, there were 1,428,000 unemployed in January, 1946, 1,778,000 in December, 1947, 2,161,000 at the end of December, 1948, and 2,226,000 at the end of January, 1949. But these figures include only the unemployed registered at the labour exchanges, and the Labour Ministry admits that many thousands of unemployed are not registered. It is impossible to make an accurate estimate of the total number of Italian unemployed, but they certainly amount to not less than 3 million, excluding the "latent" unemployed, of whom, according to the Confederation of Labour, there are another 2 million. This means that over ten per cent. of Italy's total population has no means of livelihood whatsoever or lives on an income inadequate to cover the minimum basic needs of life.

Ragged and hungry men and women selling smuggled cigarettes at street corners must be considered unemployed just as much as those registered at the labour exchanges and drawing a two-shillings-a-day dole, or old retired civil servants trying desperately to keep a family on a one-pound-a-week pension, or families of twelve and fifteen living on the meagre proceeds of a few square yards of rocky, waterless land in Southern Italy. And as Italy is the most prolific nation in Western Europe, the problem becomes more and more serious every year. From 1938 to 1948, despite the war, Italy's population increased from 43 million to over 46 million. The pre-war yearly rate of increase was about 350,000; but since the war it has grown to more than 400,000. Over-population and unemployment have now reached a point where it is impossible to hope to solve them on a purely national basis. Italy can in no way hope to re-assimilate three million unemployed and also provide work or means of sustenance for another 400,000 every year.

A nation can assimilate its population increase without lowering its standard of living only if its rate of capital formation keeps step and enables new productive enterprises to be established. But during the last ten years Italy's capital has shrunk cripplingly. Nine-tenths of all accumulated savings have been lost because of the inflation and the devaluation of the lira, and two-fifths of the country's sources of income, such as factories, railways, houses, farms and shipping, have been destroyed by the war. During the last hundred years Italy's rate of increase of capital has never kept pace with its increase of population. Up to 1914, the situation was eased because hundreds of thousands of Italians emigrated every year, thus making it possible for those who remained to improve their standard of living. From 1895 to 1914 more than ten million Italians left Italy and settled abroad. During and after World War I, a large number of nations imposed restrictions on immigration; and, between 1919 and 1938, only four million Italians emigrated. Unemployment started to become a grave problem and was checked only when a precarious equilibrium was achieved by the self-sufficiency campaigns and by the expansion of the armed forces and the armament industry. Even in 1941, however, there were still 500,000 unemployed.

During the last four years the Government's efforts have been desperately concentrated on keeping Italy from "falling a prey to Communism." Little or nothing has been done to face the causes of unemployment, although it is among the unemployed that the Communist Party recruits the majority of its followers. Enormous sums have been spent, but always under the pressure of circumstances; there has been no plan, no regard for the ultimate usefulness of the works designed to provide a few weeks' employment for a small number of particularly turbulent unemployed. Thus the curves of half a dozen highways have been straightened out and subsidies totalling millions of pounds have been granted to ex-armament firms to keep them from closing down and dismissing their inflated staffs through bankruptcy—a fate which many of them have since met, because they were too badly managed to be able to achieve reconversion. It has taken the Government four years to prepare and adopt a housing scheme. The Fanfani housing plan, which was finally approved a month ago, is supposed to be the Government's answer to both unemployment and the acute housing shortage, but unfortunately it is utterly inadequate. It will provide employment for 150,000 workers in the building of 280,000 rooms per year for seven years. This means that it will not even cover the yearly increase of demand for houses, much less the backlog due to the war. And this when 25 per cent. of the three million unemployed are masons and builders, when there is no shortage of building materials, and when thousands of people have been living in caves since 1945.

It is absurd to talk of Italy's recovery until something is done to cure the canker of over-population and unemployment. It is the firm conviction of many well-known Italian economists that the country is heading for a serious crisis and not for recovery. This view is substantiated by the official figures for production and exports during the last two or three months. In January, exports declined by 20 per cent. in comparison with December; and in February, though later figures are not yet available, the decline appears to have continued with alarming speed. Italian production costs are higher than those of practically any other country in the world—due mainly to the low productivity of labour in certain key industries, such as steel and heavy engineering, where it averages less than 60 per cent. of 1938. The reason for this is "potential" unemployment. There are 150,000 "potential" unemployed in Italian industry, that is, employees for whom there is no work but who are kept on the payroll because of the ban on dismissals. Their influence on labour productivity is naturally disastrous: idle men lounging round a factory with nothing to do except grumble have the worst possible effect on the morale of the whole staff.

For the European Recovery Programme to be able to act as an effective stimulant towards recovery, certain preliminary conditions had to be achieved by Italy. They were outspokenly stated in an interview last August by a high official of the E.C.A. Mission in Rome. He said that, unless the Italian Government adopted an entirely new approach to unemployment, reformed the obsolete and unjust tax system and adopted a policy of cheaper money, E.R.P. would not lead to success in Italy. None of these conditions have been achieved, nor are they likely to be in the near future. Hence Marshall Aid in Italy has become no more than a relief programme, whose only effect is to delay a crisis which is becoming inevitable.

The Government's wavering economic policy is largely responsible for this. As the eminent Italian economist and former Finance Minister, Professor Corbino, recently stated, the Government's vacillations between free enterprise and planning have succeeded in combining the faults of both systems without the benefits of either. The vast majority of Italians, including many high officials, consider E.R.P. simply as a continuation of U.N.R.R.A., and C.A.R.E. parcels, and do not think it carries with it, for the countries that benefit by it, any moral obligation to make a greater effort towards recovery. Practically nothing has been done to explain to the public Italy's true economic plight. In official statements this thorny subject is always adroitly avoided with rosy references to the stabilization of prices. The industrial workers in the North of Italy regard E.R.P. merely as another American scheme to keep Italy from achieving prosperity and true democracy within the framework of Eastern Europe.

The political consequences of an economic crisis in Italy are easy to imagine. The Communist Party's economic experts are sure a crisis is coming and count on it. The Christian Democrats have lost a great detal of their popularity during the last year because they have failed to keep their electoral promises and because the Government's half-hearted measures against unemployment and the country's other economic maladies have proved inadequate. An economic crisis might easily turn the tide decisively against them.

A LONDON DIARY

LAST summer the Russians seized the initiative by imposing the Berlin blockade. The West responded with the desperate expedient of the air-lift in order to win time in which to discover the Russian price for raising the blockade. Now, by an astonishing *tour de force*, the position is reversed. The air-lift has become the strongest weapon of Western political warfare; and the Russians, thrown unexpectedly on the defensive, are no doubt wondering (and discreetly asking) what price they will have to pay in order to persuade us to *let* them lift the blockade! The notion that they are "compelled" to seek a settlement because conditions are intolerably bad in their Zone is, I am convinced, sheer propaganda. They are feeling the pinch in the Eastern Zone, but conditions are not so bad as all that; indeed, they seem to be improving. The Russians may, however, still hope to delay the completion of a Western German State by offering to resume negotiations on the German peace treaty; they may argue that as long as there is any chance of a single Germany, German politicians will avoid committing themselves to a Western-sponsored Constitution. If that is the tactic, it will not, I think, succeed. Mr. Acheson or Mr. Bevin (M. Schuman might take a different view) would not at this stage agree either to unscramble the Western German omelette or to re-scramble the Berlin one. Does it, then, follow that any Soviet "feeler" should be dismissed as the beginning of a "peace offensive"? On the contrary. If the Russians are indeed anxious for a settlement, that means that the air-lift has served its purpose and that the time has come to see if agreement is possible. As things are at present, West and East are each blaming the other for the division of Germany and competitively whipping up German nationalism. If we were both ready to admit that Germany must remain for some time divided, it might be possible to rewrite Potsdam on the basis of an agreed Occupation Statute, which would end Military Government throughout Germany and set up two German Governments with identical powers, but exclusively controlled one by Russia and the other by ourselves. Some such agreement to disagree is the only alternative to a fatal competitive rearmament. But it demands considerably more sanity on both sides than is now observable.

* * *

Sir Bernard Pares was one of the few people in the West who could fairly be called an "authority" on Russia. He had a long and intimate experience of the country before the Revolution and, through his close friendship with the liberals in the Second Duma, did his best to help them lead Russia out of Tsarism into a parliamentary regime. During the first World War, he was the official British observer with the Russian Army. He enjoyed recalling the impression he made by erecting his portable rubber bath —a sight so unusual that queues of men and women formed outside his quarters begging for admission. After the fall of the Kerensky Government, he came home to continue his remarkable teaching career. He heartily disliked the Soviet system and at the time I doubt if he understood it. I remember as an undergraduate hearing him in a debate on the subject in the Cambridge Union. But he was a scholar who hated propaganda more than he hated Sovietism, and he always insisted that the Soviet policy and behaviour could properly be interpreted only in terms of Russian history. In the middle Thirties, after a visit to the U.S.S.R., he became much less critical. But he remained an

independent and informed student of Russia of a kind that is lamentably rare. His work was a model of scholarly analysis combined with a genuine affection and sympathy for the Russian people. Shortly before he died he told a friend: "I have been honest about Russia, as I saw it. I have never asked anyone to do more than study the facts. In the long run, honesty is the only basis for peaceful relations between Russia and the West."

* * *

Why is it, I wonder, that British cyclists, unlike those of Holland, Belgium or Denmark, won't use the special tracks laid for them along the arterial roads? Judging by what I saw of them in the Easter holidays, they still prefer the hazards of the main stream. I can only see it as a refusal to be jostled; cycling is fifty years older than motoring; why should the cyclist give way to such a parvenu? The World Road Conference is to propose at its meeting next August that the use of cycle tracks shall be made compulsory, and that, elsewhere, cyclists shall ride in single file when required and *never* more than two abreast. But we shall see. Cyclists are a highly articulate body, jealous as few other communities are of the right to get maimed or slaughtered in their own way; and they have always seemed to inhibit the legislators. For nearly twenty years the Minister of Transport has had the power to make them carry a bell and brakes, but he has never done it. They aren't even required to shout or whistle as they bear down upon you from behind; and a cyclist who can stop himself by scraping his feet on the ground or burying himself in a hedge is complying with the law. An international conference is hardly likely to effect any change about this—I'm told this is about the only country in Europe where cycle-brakes are regarded by the law as interesting little gadgets not worth legislating for.

* * *

They built a scaffolding round the Red Lion and for several days he stood waiting in his cage. One morning there was a fog; when it lifted, the Red Lion had gone to some safer stabling. He was almost the only object on the South Bank that Hitler left worth moving. The remaining buildings are obviously better demolished. The one exception, of course, is the Shot Tower. The architects declare that it is a fine decorative job which will fit in nicely with the Exhibition. But for what purpose? I have a friend who says that, provided there were a lift to take him from his dining-room on the ground floor to his bedroom on the top, he would like nothing more than to live in the Shot Tower. But I cannot myself see much use that can be made of its interior. Outside it perhaps provides better opportunities. It would make an excellent parachute tower and, if you arranged a nice spiral slide round it, visitors to the Exhibition could enjoy a perfectly wonderful "helter-skelter." Anyway, Mr. Barry seems to me to have an exciting job. The space is growing in front of his eyes. It is all his to play with. The mud-flats at low tide provide a nice little problem. I doubt if they are suitable for children with buckets and spades. Whether they have a commercial value I don't know. One evening I watched a man solemnly filling buckets with muddy water, pouring it through a sieve and making a pile of the little stones that were left. I have no idea what he was after, and, judging from overheard conversation about bait and treasure, the other numerous watchers on Hungerford Bridge were equally perplexed. But wandering there last night I discovered a real appeal in the mud-flats. A fleet of thirty swans were enjoying the spring evening; some circled elegantly, near the water's edge; others were stranded in their search for food and returned to the water, ploughing clumsily up to their breasts in mud, until two of them took a hint from a couple of wild ducks and decided to fly back to the water. They came down with legs stretched out, exactly at the angle of seaplane floats. This may be another hint to the much-advised Mr. Barry. Trips by seaplane from the Exhibition would be no more noisy, and much more amusing to watch than the trains rumbling and shrieking nearby on their approach to Charing Cross!

CRITIC

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL ANTHEM

Our countries, 'tis of ye we sing,
  Our Fatherlands, our Motherlands!
United in defence we cling
  To check assaults from other lands!
    Compatriots, to arms we spring
    For every President and King!
Our native lands, of ye we sing!

Vive nos Républiques! Vive nos Rois!
    Our liberties, etcetera!
No foe will gain the victor's spoils
While we defend our sacred soils!
  God save the Peace! God save the Pact!
  That foe by all will be attacked
      Who any Member touches!
Long live the Pact! long live the Peace!
The Belgian Regent! King of Greece!
      Our loved dictator, Salazar
      And Luxembourg's Grand Duchess!

To arms! To arms! Our countries call!
  We'll bleed with joy spontaneous!
Our bonds are multilateral,
  Our régimes miscellaneous!
    For our *patries* we'll fight and fall,
    Especially for Portugal!
To arms! To arms! Our countries call!

Vive nos Républiques! Vive nos Rois!
    We'll circumvent the *coup d'état!*
While patriot blood burns in our veins
We'll never bear the tyrant's chains!
  Arise our native heroes brave!
  Our mother countries we will save
      With valour superhuman,
For Benelux, Britannia,
All France, and half Iberia!
      Long live our well-loved Salazar!
      Eviva! Harry Truman!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Applied Differential Equations. By F. E. Relton, M.A., D.Sc. An introduction to differential equations characterised by a frankness of statement unusual in text-books.—*From catalogue of Physical Society's Annual Exhibition.* (M. Morris.)

The whole cast can be congratulated on making a Shakespeare comedy really amusing.—*Wimbledon Borough News.* (R. M. Herring.)

"This form was drawn up in 1936, and it does not clearly state what is meant. It is just a legal document."—*Daily Mail.* (A. H. Dunkerley.)

The parents of a 20-year-old Hebburn-on-Tyne girl objected to her marriage on the grounds that her departure would reduce the family's points allocation. Objection was overruled yesterday by the magistrates.—*Daily Graphic.* (Edward Ward.)

There were also various ways in which the British Legion could help to promote comradeship. Everything they could do to take people out of their present rather drab lives and to new memories of those comparatively carefree days in the Services was, he thought, to good purpose.—Report in *Scotsman.* (Mrs. Bishop.)

SOCIALISM OR MIXED ECONOMY?

WHAT is Socialism? At bottom, it is much less an economic policy than a way of life. The economic changes which Socialists stand for are put forward, in the last resort, not as ends in themselves but as means to a better kind of living. Nationalisation, State control, economic planning are proposed, not for their own sake, but as means to advancing the well-being and happiness of the people. The aim of Socialism is a society in which there shall be no exploitation of class by class, but instead a fair chance for every man, woman and child both to give of their best in the common service and to receive, as far as the common resources allow, everything that is needed for decent, healthy and enjoyable living.

Socialism, because this is its object, involves the disappearance of class distinctions, whether founded on inherited wealth or on personal achievement. Men being by nature, as well as by nurture, unequal in strength, mental capacity and the will to work hard, Socialism will not make them equal in these respects; nor can it endow them all with equal influence or prestige. In a Socialist society, as in any other, there will be leaders, and some will be set in authority over others; but no one will be a leader merely because he is rich, or claims a prescriptive right to be considered above others, and all authority will be responsible and accountable to those over whom it is set. The people will choose, and will be free to dismiss, their leaders; and no one who possesses the capacity to lead or to undertake superior work will be debarred by poverty from developing his faculties or from rising to any position for which he is qualified. Socialism means going as far as it is possible to go towards giving every child, and thereafter every man and woman, an equal chance. Leisure as well as work, will be shared out fairly to all; and every man and woman will be given, not merely the opportunity, but the encouragement to play an active part in the control of the common heritage.

For democracy is an integral part of Socialism—and not merely that almost passive democracy which finds expression in the right to vote, but very much more than that. A Socialist democracy will be a society in which every individual counts and the happiness of every individual is a matter of supreme concern. Such a society cannot exist unless it is permeated in all its parts by the democratic spirit, so that in every one of its countless social activities many men and women are taking an active part, as the chosen leaders of the group concerned. This applies not only to Parliament and to local government, but also to every kind of industry and occupation, to every branch of social service, public or voluntary, and to all the varieties of clubs and associations in which people come together on a basis of neighbourhood, or of common interest, in order to enrich the arts and amenities of living together. The more the State has to do, and the greater the scale on which many things have to be organised under modern conditions, the more imperative is the need for little democracies everywhere to match and to humanise the large-scale organisations through which the great central democracy is compelled to work.

These are Socialist ideals, towards which practical Socialists must endeavour to advance as fast as the conditions of action allow. No one pretends that they can be realised in five years, or in ten; and there is every reason for feeling deeply satisfied at the pace at which Great Britain, in face of great difficulties at home and abroad, has been advancing towards them since 1945. Cer-

tainly, no nearly equal advance has ever before been made in so short a time; certainly, there is every justification for congratulating the Labour Government on what it has so far done in fulfilment of the promises which it made to the people four years ago. The question is "What is to be done next?" Can the pace be kept up, and as much achieved in the second, as in the first, spell of Labour Government? Or must there be a pause, for "consolidation" of what has been achieved—or even a recoil, in order to make possible a great leap forward when the right moment returns?

The Labour Party's Socialism has been built up on the assumption that democracy is not only a condition to be created in the future, but also a practice to be followed now. This means that it cannot set out to advance towards Socialism farther than it believes it can carry with it the support of a majority of the people. This is a stronger brake upon it now than in 1945; for, in the unsettlement of war, more people were prepared to accept large changes than is the case now that there has been a general settling down. Today, most men and women are thinking much less than they were in 1945 about large social changes involving new ways of life, and much more about immediate needs—food, houses, prices, wages and working conditions, taxes, and less austerity and red tape.

The Labour Party, in framing its programme for the second five years, had to bear these facts in mind, and had also to be mindful that the full public cost of many of the reforms it had enacted already has still to be met. Without any fresh legislation, the cost of social security, health and education, will be greater during the coming years than it has been so far; and even milking the rich to the last drop would not suffice to meet accruing charges. The Government is right to point out that the commitments of the social service State cannot be maintained, much less increased, except on a basis of rapidly advancing productivity. It is wisely doing its best to make it plain to the people that neither under the existing "mixed" system nor under Socialism itself can they get something for nothing, or live appreciably better simply by re-distributing incomes between the recipients of unequal rewards.

This being the hard truth, it would be quite out of the question for the Labour Party to come forward with a new programme as superficially attractive as that of four years ago. The people have had their cake, or most of it; and it is now a matter of finding the best means of baking a new one. By that test the programme for the second five years needs to be judged. There is, however, something of a dilemma confronting the Party. The fundamental Socialist belief is that the bigger cake can be produced only under Socialist conditions, which involve not only a great extension of public ownership and operation of industry, but also the successful application of new democratic incentives to higher output, based on a new sense among the workers of responsibility for doing their jobs well and truly, as their own common concern. But mere nationalisation will not accomplish a great deal unless these new incentives accompany it; and to whistle these up cannot be, in the short run, too simple a matter, especially if it is necessary at the same time to provide quite different incentives in order to stimulate capitalist enterprise.

Given these limitations, the new Labour programme, on the economic side, is by no means a bad piece of work. Its framers have been very careful neither to promise more than they can well hope to perform nor to offend or frighten any section of the electorate they can hope to attract. The result, however, is somewhat uninspiring, as it was bound to be; and between the lines can be read an indecision that is not merely temporary. The whole thing, indeed, gives the impression less of a second instalment of constructive Socialism than of an attempt to consolidate a mixed economy as a lasting solution of the social problem, and to settle down to a Keynesian regimen of full employment, low interest rates, and controlled capitalism rather than to clear the road for a full-blooded, classless Socialist community. At the least it seems to postpone the coming of Socialism to an undated future when the main body of the people will have somehow been educated up to it, and become animated with the new spirit that will make it work.

This, however, surely begs the question; for how is the new spirit to be brought into play, unless the next Labour Government can take positive action to evoke it? The tempo both of production and of voluntary service in every field depends on getting the key men and women, who set the pace for the rest, into a mood of enthusiasm in which they will go all out to influence their fellows. Such a mood will not be generated, in industry, unless the workers can be made to feel that the managers are *their* managers, and the power and responsibility theirs for seeing the job through; or, in other fields of social action, unless the common people can be endowed with the same sense of power and trust. But will the workers feel this, under any form of nationalisation or public control that has so far been devised, or under a Government which is pledged to stimulate capitalist enterprise and cannot, even if it would, support trade unions in making demands upon private or public employers that would upset the precarious balance between purchasing power and the limited supply of goods and services that can be made available for meeting the consumers' wants?

No doubt the electors, if they knew their own interests, would vote Labour rather than Tory even if Labour could offer them no more than a consolidation of gains already theirs by statute, though not yet fully in fact. But the recent local elections are at any rate some indication that the Labour Party cannot afford to trust exclusively to such electoral long-headedness. In order to win, and still more to make winning worth while, they must do something to arouse the enthusiasm of their supporters, as well as avoid stirring up the antagonism of the marginal voters. For this, the promised attack on monopolies and restrictive practices, designed to cut costs and prices, hardly seems enough, even though it includes further potential extensions of public enterprise. What the programme lacks is some one simple challenging democratic proposal, calculated to set the foes of democracy shouting defiance and to give the democrats something rousing to shout back. Surely, if this is not the time either for a big second instalment of nationalisation or for a great further extension of the social services, that goes to show that is the best time of all for democratising the political and social structure—the time for abolishing the House of Lords, for democratising the armed forces, the Foreign Office, and the diplomatic service, for giving public corporations a more democratic composition, and also the time for a levy on capital and for making a really drastic attack on the privileges of large inherited fortunes. It was argued in 1945 that there was too much else needing to be done at once to leave room for such measures. That argument does not hold good now, when, on the industrial and social service fronts, consolidation is bound to be the main order of the day. Why have these things been left out, just when there was both time to take them in hand and need to reassure the Socialist stalwarts that the advance towards Socialism is being only retarded, and not abandoned in favour of the lasting stabilisation of a mixed economy? G. D. H. COLE

THE KARENS

(From a correspondent)

THE visit of the Burmese Premier to India and then to Pakistan reflects both the crisis in Burma and the importance he attaches to the forthcoming Conference of Commonwealth Ministers. The two are closely related, although Burma is no longer a member of the Commonwealth. Her recent request for a loan from the British Government was referred to a Conference of those Commonwealth Ministers whose South-East Asia policy must include financial and economic relations with Burma. Their discussions unhappily broke down in New Delhi last month partly because the Ministers doubted whether a loan would solve Burma's internal crisis, and partly because unwise references were made to the irrelevant question of whether or not Burma desired to make her way back again into the Commonwealth. The result was that no financial arrangements were made which would have facilitated the export of Burma's rice, and no decision was made about the desirability of mediation in the critical dispute between the Burmese Government and the Karens, whose disloyalty to the present regime in Burma has been underlined by their alliance with the Communists.

Had Thakin Nu been able to tell the Prime Ministers of India and of Pakistan that he had succeeded in making peace with the Karens, his arguments for a loan would have been very much strengthened. Unhappily, this was not so. Although he has made such far-reaching concessions to the Karens that some of his friends now refer to him as "Karen Nu," he has so far failed to reach an agreement, and it now seems probable that fighting will continue with disastrous results to the economy of Burma.

Some British newspapers give the impression that the Karens are a peaceful, law-abiding band of Christian brothers suffering from Burmese oppression and that they are a bulwark against Communism. The truth is different. Historically, for instance, the Karens have been far from peaceful. Shortly after the war of 1852 one of the most serious insurrections was led by a Karen in Thaton, and spread to Bassein, following the same pattern as the present rebellion. For many years the Karens from the hills were regarded as a chief source of crime in Burma, while the proportion of the population in jail was lowest among Burman Buddhists. Unrest among the Karens led to the first attempt to recruit them for the Military Police to keep order in the Karen Hills, but with little success, as the Karens were readier to desert than to enlist. In 1886, in the trouble consequent on the annexation of Upper Burma, Thaton, the only district with an absolute majority of Karens among the population, was the only district which the British had to evacuate, and the Deputy Commissioner bolted with the contents of the Treasury to Toungoo. Meanwhile, American Baptist missionaries had been transforming the Delta Karens into prosperous cultivators who, however, still suffered from an inferiority complex with regard to the Burmese. In order to inspire their converts with more self-respect, these missionaries induced a reluctant Government to arm the Karens to fight the Burmese, thus stimulating racial animosity which had long been subsiding. Hence the legend that the Karens were especially "loyal"

and the practice of recruiting Karens for the army while excluding the Burmese. But during the recent war some Karens, who supported the Japanese Government until the end, are now seeking British help to fight the Burmese.

The Constitution expressly provides for the formation of a Karen State with a right to secede after ten years. But the Karens, encouraged by some British wild men, took advantage of the Communist and P.V.O. troubles to rebel. According to a British resident in Southern Burma, Karens in Pyapon had been supporting the Red (extremist) Communists from the earliest days of independence. Thanks to wise action by both British and Burmese, the first rising subsided, and the leading Karen organisations pledged their support of the Government. In view of the tension, however, the Government allowed the Karen National Union to maintain a militant section (the K.N.D.O.), which it entrusted with the defence of all tracts where Karens were numerous on the understanding that it would co-operate against Communists and P.V.O.s. This generous confidence the Karens betrayed. In the Delta, by purchase and dacoity, they built up a fleet of motor transport which enabled them to command the waterways: they are said to have prepared strong defensive positions at Insein and elsewhere, and they continued to undermine the loyalty of the Karen regiments. As soon as the rice crop was in, they rose in a widespread and carefully planned insurrection.

The real occasion for the rebellion seems to have been the agrarian legislation of the Burmese Government which would have resulted in handing over the land to the individual cultivators. As a community, the Karens stood to gain more and lose less by this legislation than any other group in Burma. But there were a few Karens with large estates who called racial and religious animosity to their aid in resisting the loss of their land. Add to them the Communists, who could not win mass support as Communists, but who have infiltrated into the Karen organisation, and it is easy to see the general outline of Burma's present crisis. For a time it seemed as if Thakin Nu's extremely conciliatory policy was on the point of winning over the more moderate elements among the Karens to an understanding of their own as well as Burmas' need to avoid anarchy. On April 5, an agreement was initialled by both sides. It provided for an amnesty, an undertaking that there would be no recrimination against Karen troops or officials, and an agreement which implied the right of the Karens to have arms for the protection of their villages. The principle of an autonomous Karen State within the Burmese Union had already been accepted by the Government. The agreement was to come into force on April 8th, and the cease-fire sounded at Insein would, it was assumed, take place in other parts of Burma. Unhappily, difficulties arose on both sides; some of the Karen leaders outside Rangoon seemed unwilling to accept the cease-fire, whilst the Burmese press in Rangoon published provocative articles about the surrender of the Karens. Instead of signing the agreement, the Karens therefore put forward counter-proposals, including a demand for a conference to be attended by all the minorities in Burma, while a "no-man's land" was to be observed during the truce. The Burmese Government refused to consider these new proposals, which they considered to have the support of only a section of the Karens. In other words, the Karens seemed to be divided. However, in this division there may still lie hopes of a settlement.

With the failure of the Burmese and Karens to reach agreement, it is possible that a mediator in Burma could render great service, not only to the Karens and the Burmans, but to the whole of South-East Asia.

THE SHAME OF THE CITIES

[This is the third of a series of articles on American Labour in Politics by Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., who has recently returned from the U.S.A.]

In Kansas City I found that I needed a new shirt, so I naturally went to Eddie Jacobson's little shop to buy it. Eddie himself serves behind the counter, and spends Sunday morning making up the accounts. This is remarkable, considering that he is the President's most intimate personal friend and could have had any job, within reason, for the asking. But Eddie, though he will hear nothing against Harry, doesn't approve of politics.

In the first World War Eddie and Harry were both members of D Battery and fought in the Argonne along with a score of other men from Kansas City, including Jim, the brother of Tom Pendergast, the big Democratic boss. When they were demobbed, the two men set up shop together as haberdashers, but went smash in 1921. Eddie laboriously built up the business again; but Harry, through Jim, was put on the Party pay-roll and he has been in politics ever since.

By 1930 Pendergast was in complete control of Kansas City and Jackson County, Missouri. A saloon-keeper, he had inherited the machine from his uncle. He was a typical boss, loyal to his friends and shameless about his activities—a Robin Hood, collecting vast sums from the rich and distributing them among the "deserving poor," who provided the electoral basis for his rule. Kansans still show you with affectionate shame Brush Creek, once a beautiful stream which ran for 15 miles through the south residential section. During the depression, Pendergast paved both sides with thousands of tons of concrete, turning it into a drab drainage ditch. The concrete came from the Red-D-Mix Concrete Company, of which he was the owner. He also sold himself the municipal garbage and fed a herd of 5,000 pigs with it—not to mention supplying the city with oil and petrol from his own companies.

The bootlegging racket was in the hands of his lieutenant, John Lazia, an ex-convict, who also controlled the soft drinks, dry-cleaning and vice rackets. Lazia was the bosom friend of the Director of Police, who was later found to have recruited 75 ex-convicts to the force. All City employment was in the hands of Pendergast, and jobs were obtained by presenting a card to the City Manager, signed by the precinct captain and duly endorsed by the big boss. Most of the employees worked, of course, in the political machine, and merely appeared twice a month at the City Hall to receive their pay. Unfortunately the boss developed a passion for (unsuccessful) gambling. His demands for money became exorbitant, and the behaviour of his satraps correspondingly outrageous. He was convicted on charges of income-tax evasion, and a non-partisan League cleansed the City Hall.

Meanwhile Truman had become a Senator. Local Republicans say it happened this way. Pendergast once boasted he could do anything in politics, and a friend said: "Well, you couldn't make Harry a Senator." So he did. But no one in Kansas City believes that Harry Truman ever did anything dishonest. He was one of the "good guys" a machine has to maintain as a "front."

A few weeks after Truman became President, Pendergast, who had been released from prison, died. Eddie Jacobson told me that he had a long discussion with the President that night on the proprieties of attending or not attending the funeral of an ex-convict. Harry knew that attendance would be misunderstood, but he finally said: "A man must be loyal to his friends, and if a friend has been in prison, that's all the more reason to attend his funeral." On another occasion, he summed up his political philosophy even more succinctly: "I never remember a grudge, and I never forget a favour." So John Snyder, the little banker who helped him in 1921, is now his Secretary of the Treasury; Johnson, who collected funds for last year's campaign, is head of Defence; and Mon Wallgren, Harry's boon poker companion, is to be head of the National Security Resources Board, if the Senate agrees.

To-day the era of "good government" is nearing its end: Kansas City is reverting to normal. The business men who won control after the fall of Pendergast have only been interested in saving money. As one A.F. of L. leader said to me, "The poor man got something out of the bosses. He gets nothing out of these fellows." So the Democratic machine is recovering its influence, and an Italian called Benagio, with strong interests in gambling, is squeezing out the old factions led by Jim Pendergast and Shannon. Last November, Kansas City elected two Labour men to Congress, an A.F. of L. member and an outstanding young liberal called Bolling, who was the Secretary of a Veterans' organisation.

The factions could not agree on the candidates; and, since a Congressman has little patronage and no one thought the Democrats could win, the rival bosses did not attach much importance to the election. Bolling, with the help of the Veterans, got his name on to the list for the primaries, and Benagio, to spite Shannon, gave him his support. To everyone's surprise, Bolling won. In 1950 he will be up for re-election. Though he can reckon on some 2,000 C.I.O. voters on the Veterans and on assistance from the Methodist Churches, he cannot win without the support of either Benagio or Shannon. What price should an honest liberal pay for the support of a political machine? It is much the same problem which faced Truman 20 years ago, and which kept Eddie Jacobson out of politics.

The story of Kansas City is important in two respects. In the first place, it is only possible to appreciate the qualities and the defects of President Truman when he is seen against this background. An American politician can be honest, honourable and a sincere liberal—and yet have intimate dealings with a lurid city machine. As Lincoln Steffens pointed out long ago in his *Shame of the Cities*, the American boss is neither more nor less often a crook than the American business man or the American Trade Union leader. By and large, he is honest by his own professional standards, and he is very often a man of better character than the wealthy city worthies who toady to him when he is up and condemn him when he is down. He usually has a contempt for the rich, from whom he extracts money, and a loyalty to those who receive his patronage. Often he is also a progressive administrator. Boss Crump of Memphis, for instance, is a rigid puritan in his private life and provided more schools and parks than all the devotees of "good government" in Tennessee put together. But because politics in America is a paid profession, the boss has to have big funds; and, now that prohibition is gone and the drink trade is no longer in need of protection, he draws his money from the gambling and vice rackets, as well as from contractors who rely on the City Hall for their living. Public opinion in the big cities—including business and the Trade Unions—

accepts this system as long as it is kept within decent limits. The reformer, who merely inveighs against it, plays into the hands of the reactionaries, who would like to replace it by "clean government" in the interests of the rich. It is this elemental fact which President Truman understands, and which Dick Bolling has to face if they want to return to Washington in 1950.

In the second place, the corruption of politics in the big cities—by the way, it is mostly limited to metropolitan areas—is due to the jerrymandering which assures permanent agrarian majorities in the State legislatures. The city is at the mercy of the legislature, which over-taxes it in the interests of up-State farmers and refuses to grant it the taxing and planning powers necessary for government which is both clean and progressive. Since each State controls its own electoral law, there is little chance of reforming the legislatures by democratic means. Hence the "Robin Hood" methods of the bosses.

Moreover, machine politics has been rendered almost inevitable by the racial segregation of the urban populations. The Polish and Italian immigrants—or, to take a recent example, the vast influx of Porto Ricans streaming into New York since the war, and have become a racial proletariat inferior even to the Negroes—are incapable of fending for themselves as free and equal citizens. Huddled together in virtually closed communities, they inevitably fall into the hands of professional politicians, ready to render them small personal services and to see that each racial group has its fair share of patronage in exchange for its votes. In this respect, the city machines are a reflection of the political immaturity of a mixed immigrant population.

In Chicago I spent an afternoon with Colonel Jake Arvey, a dapper little lawyer with thick glasses, a nimble wit and a sympathetic manner. He took charge of the machine when Mayor Kelly retired. Arvey has risen from the ranks, and, before the war, was reckoned the most unscrupulous ward committeeman in the city. During his overseas service, however, he experienced something of a conversion. Politics, as he used to play it, no longer satisfies him. Partly this is a genuine conversion to liberalism, but partly it is because he is smart enough to realise that the old-fashioned machine is becoming ineffective in face of an increasingly literate electorate. "Pendergast didn't move with the times," he said. "He tried to run Kansas City with machine politicians. I saw Chicago wanted something different, so I gave it an independent Mayor and backed fine liberal candidates for Senator and Governor. I won: he lost."

But, although he now sees that policy has a place in politics, Arvey is still very much the boss. Talking of the Trade Unions, he said: "Labour leaders don't differ from anybody else. They all want jobs in return for the votes they deliver. No Union has asked me for less than six pay-roll appointees." Referring to motoring offences, he remarked casually, "Traffic tickets are a burden on busy people. I have them cleared in dozens by the precinct captains." And he went on to describe how the poor immigrant, when he first arrives in a Democratic ward, opens the door of his apartment to find the heating on and a kindly Irishman saying: "Welcome! I'm glad to help you move in. And if there's anything you want, just come to the Democratic Party!" These are the techniques of American political power; but Arvey—and this is the important thing—now wants to use his power not merely as a Robin Hood, but for social reform. He is a boss who has become politically conscious.

Since the industrial cities are nearly all Democratic, it is with Democratic bosses like Arvey that the American Labour Movement has chiefly to deal when it enters politics. What should be its attitude to them? Labour has one great advantage. Machine politics relies, particularly in the primaries, where the candidates for office are elected, on a ridiculously small vote. In some cities 10 per cent. of the registered voters are sufficient to win a primary. It is to the interest of the boss to keep the registration as low as possible. Since votes cost money, he only wants just enough to win, and the rest of the electorate must be left apathetic. This system works just so long as the elector leaves politics to the professional politicians. It can always be broken by a very small group of reformers who are prepared to stir up their fellow-citizens into backing independent candidates. In the past, however, such reform movements have usually faded away because they have had no permanent mass basis, and no policy except "clean government."

This is where the Unions come in. They have an organised mass membership, and they have funds, amply sufficient to build their own political machines. By organising 10 per cent. of the voters they can exercise decisive power.

But to what end? They can hardly hope, if they are realistic, to eliminate corruption and abolish patronage by supplanting the bosses. If they try to, they are much more likely to be corrupted themselves. Nor can they often expect to win majorities in the State Legislatures in order to pass the necessary reforms of local government. So in most cases they must come to terms with the bosses, who are anyway sympathetic with the Fair Deal, so long as it does not threaten their professional livelihood. Fortunately, Labour need not do this, since its attention is concentrated on Federal politics. For Federal administration in contrast with State and city administration is clean; just as Federal justice is incorruptible, whereas the elected State and city judges are not. The Fair Deal can only be achieved by a vast expansion of Federal power, and Labour will usually be ready to leave the civic spoils to the machines in exchange for their assistance in electing Congressmen and Senators pledged to carry out Labour's policies.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

SO THEY SAY . . .

News Chronicle, Easter Saturday:

> We don't suppose you will care a button for some of the news we are bringing you this morning . . . not even at Eastertide is it possible entirely to escape from [politics] . . . a new Cabinet has been sworn in at Athens (but most of the same old faces, you'll observe!) . . . there's food rioting in Formosa . . . and, just to cap the holiday spirit, a list of Communist candidates for the General Election . . .

But at least the *News Chronicle* did bring its readers these stories, and two others of no little interest—the final passage of the Aid Bill through Congress, and the acceptance by two Soviet teachers, with "higher approval," of an invitation to attend and address the Teachers' Conference at Margate. The *Chronicle's* penny contemporaries, however, apparently decided, with rare consideration for their readers, that news of this nature might not only "cap" but smother that holiday spirit. Of the five stories mentioned, the *Daily Mail, Daily Herald, Daily Mirror*, and *Daily Graphic* carried none, while the *Daily Express* bravely risked a brief mention of the Communist list.

A Question of Viewpoint

If reactions from Right and Left are anything to go by, the Labour Party's next Five-Year Plan is poised gyroscopically at the cross-roads.

Daily Express, April 14:

> The Misery Budget depressed the people. The Mad Manifesto will frighten them. It is the most terrifying thing that this Government has yet done . . .

Daily Worker, April 14:

> LABOUR PARTY SOUNDS THE RETREAT
> NO CHALLENGE TO CAPITALISM

* * *

Department of Coincidence

Spectator, April 1:

> The obvious danger confronting the [Liberal] Party is that of degenerating into a high-minded debating society . . .

Economist, April 2:

> . . . the Liberal Party is obviously in danger of turning into a high-minded debating club.

* * *

Someone's Got it Wrong

Daily Herald, April 16:

> DOCKERS LOST £100,000 IN PAY

Daily Express, April 16:

> London dock workers will not lose any money by their five-day strike . . .

Headline of the Week

Evening News, April 14:

> SUTCLIFFE IS ONE OF BETS 13

Mr. Attlee announced the names of the 12 members of the Royal Commission on Lotteries, Betting and Gaming to-day.

AUTOLYCUS

LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS

Isle of Wight.

SURELY one of the most serious evils of this Cold War period is that the conflict itself has stopped people thinking. Each society is so busy asserting its superiority that the major problems, which are the same for both sides, are left in the air. How is the world to feed itself? Are the products of an artificially stimulated soil dangerous to our health? How do we devise a system that offers maximum production with the most equitable distribution? How are those two opposed psychological types, the creators and the administrators, to work in harmony? How do we check the rogues without loading honest men with chains? These are some of the questions I should like to see answered; but neither side in this conflict, which demands more and more time and energy, skill and material, is even trying to answer them. So just when we urgently need to learn a great deal, we are not learning anything. We are busy turning brooms and brushes into cudgels in a room that gets dustier and dustier. And it is possible that if some of these questions were only partly answered, if a few small corners were turned, then this blind, unconscious urge towards disaster, largely fed by secret despair, might be halted in time. But even to ask such questions now, when there is only One Question, is to be stoned from all sides as a fellow-traveller, a reactionary, a nihilist or a posturing dilettante, in all of which roles I have lately made some inadequate appearances.

Yes, we are to have a National Theatre—and there has been some public argument lately about its site. No doubt we ought to have a National Theatre, but it is easy to make too much fuss.

about it. (The fact that civic authorities are now allowed to spend money on entertainment is much more important. This was one of the Labour Government's best moves.) Too many people here appear to assume that the establishment of a National Theatre will automatically settle our chief theatrical difficulties. It will leave nearly all of them where it found them. We shall have a National Theatre just as we have a National Gallery, British Museum, and so on. I know countries that have had their National Theatres for a long time and yet are dead and almost buried as centres of vital dramatic art. Nor did I feel reassured when a Member in the House welcomed a National Theatre because "children will go to it and there learn how to speak English correctly." A theatre is not an academy of elocution. Or is it proposed that only plays filled with characters speaking flawless English—if such a thing can exist—should be staged at the National Theatre? What have theatres to do with children's speech? Their object is to give us a peculiar kind of experience, dramatic experience, which at its height is delightful, exhilarating, gravely moving, and compels us to share it with a number of other people and so enables us to react from a feeling of separateness and loneliness. This experience is of enormous value at this time, which is one reason why some of us prefer writing plays to writing books, in spite of the fact that the economics and organisation of our Theatre, like yours, are now crazy, a nightmare. And this nightmare will persist even though at last a National Theatre rises in London. The true national theatre is not a building in the capital but the whole business of theatrical production throughout the country so contrived that playwrights, producers, actors, audiences have the best opportunity to express and enjoy themselves. I wrote some time ago that, for a start, we need four first-class non-commercial companies, like the Old Vic, all of them sending out provincial tours as well as playing in London. These companies would have to be heavily subsidised at first, though not, I believe, for long. But the cost of this would not be a twentieth part of the millions we spend every year on national propaganda, mostly useless. And after all it is our money—a fact frequently overlooked—and we might as well have some fun out of it.

Did we not agree last year that one of the worst faults of criticism during these last twenty-five years has been a quite unnecessary concern, on the critic's part, about a writer's audience? Well, an excellent example of this has just arrived. Herbert Read has "replied"—the term is his, and would not be mine because what he writes seems to me to have no reference to anything I wrote—to some rather scattered observations of mine in the *World Review*. Herbert Read is a nice chap, conscientious and courageous, but for some years now he has persisted in heading all parades of the *avant-garde*, whatever they are up to; and if the Bourgeois Bull is in the arena, out he goes, a melancholy matador, in grey woolwork. His final thrust at me, the killing stroke, in this "Reply," is that "by wooing the masses instead of 'the happy few' (the few who are fully aware)," I have "done violence" to my soul.

This leaves me feeling that I have just been accused of killing a slithy tove at brillig. Day after day for nearly thirty years now I have been sitting down to write This, That and The Other, and never once have I asked myself: "Is this for the masses or the happy few?" And who are these "masses" we hear so much about? I can only imagine them to be simply a large number of people we do not happen to know, including the smallest butcher in Norwich, the secretary of the Herne Hill Pigeon Fanciers' Association, the wife of the oldest clerk in the Coketown Gas Office, the two waitresses at the Olde Oake Tearoom, Suddlepool, and three ticket collectors at Waterloo Station. And if they want to read my books or see my plays, I am delighted. What does Mr. Read do when he produces a new book? Does he make his publishers promise to print the smallest possible number, not to advertise the book, to instruct the travellers to mention its title in a whisper, because this choice work is only for the few (happy, we hope) and not for the masses? And what, so my soul may be at peace, am I expected to do? Have I to stand at every Box Office, giving everybody a sharp look, darting forward with "Madam, are you sure you are one of the few? No admittance, otherwise"? And if I should be told that this is not what was meant, that I should ask more from my audience, that I should abandon easy conventional forms and experiment more, I can only retort that I seem to myself to have done more experimenting in the Theatre than any other man alive, and with precious little help—financial, critical, or mere back-slapping—from Mr. Read and his chosen chums.

For years now we have suffered from these critics who will not look straight at the work itself, who are too conscious of the audience, who dare not praise anything that offends their fastidious Cousin Philip or delights their old Aunt Kate. They are so worried about these trumpery values that they can no longer understand that a man may simply write what he wants to write, that sometimes he may be fancy and delicate and at other times rough and hearty just because he feels that way. I do not believe any creative writer worth tuppence ever thought about either wooing the masses or pleasing the few. His mind just does not work like that. The engine will not go with such rotten fuel. Over and over again I have pointed out that no sensible writer bothers about "what the public wants" because this would be to aim at a target that does not exist, the public never knowing what it wants until it gets it. So, I have always argued, the writer might as well please himself, take hold of the idea that is worrying him and get it out of his system. And in any event, the business of the critic is to examine the work itself and not to base his judgments on the size or social and educational standing of the audience. Let the booksellers and box office managers worry about a writer's popularity or unpopularity. And all talk of the happy few and the masses should be left to misunderstood and aggressive adolescents, who have to think like that for a year or two to guard their newly-found individualities: mature men and women ought to be able to do better.

Nevertheless, I must return to the "masses" for a moment. A European film director, long settled in Hollywood, was over here recently directing an Anglo-American film. There was a butler in one scene, but this director found that one was not enough for him, and finally introduced two more. It was suggested to him on the set that three butlers were a bit thick. "Yes, yes, I know," he cried, "but I make this picture for the masses."

With all this talk of Britain's "grey austerity" coming across to you, I fancy there must be times when you forget that we still have the most exquisite countryside in the world. I have never before seen the primroses so thick on the ground, the daffodils so gay, the gorse blazing so soon; and some of these early Spring days down here are a tender miracle. And after all, the greyness of our towns long pre-dates any austerity of ours, and is, indeed, the legacy of our shameful old prosperity. But you never know what people will admire. Two Italian girls from Florence, of all places, have just arrived here, and J. brought them down from London. They had had a tiring journey and a very rough crossing, but shortly after the train left Waterloo they were staring through the windows in delight. It was so strange and beautiful, they cried, all the way from Clapham Junction to Surbiton—the little houses all alike—the lovely straight streets!

J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Arts and Entertainment

THE SHADOW OF THE MASTER

SPEAKING generally, and after dinner, to a company disposed to agree with me, I said that the influence of Picasso dominated contemporary painting. That was a year ago, and the statement was true enough for the occasion, though anyone possessed by a controversial spirit and of a little knowledge might have confronted me with names of eminent living artists on whom the influence had been nugatory or non-existent. I went on, in the after-dinner way, to claim that something of the sort had happened in the sixteenth century when the influence of either Raphael or Michelangelo or of both was inescapable almost. But, said I, that diarchy was far happier for painters than the present monarchy; and I gave my reasons. A man could settle down to imitate Raphael or Michelangelo or, let us now add, Correggio, could fail to produce anything comparable with a work by his paragon, and yet make objects pleasant to the eye. There is so much to ape in the masters of the high Renaissance, such a diversity of charms, that the follower who is able to catch one beauty in three, who can make a recognisable copy even, will have something to show for his pains; whereas a Picasso is like an equation—it is all right or all wrong. When done by Picasso it is apt to be right; when done by one of the mob of ladies and gentlemen who imitate without apparent difficulty it is almost invariably wrong. And an equation wrongly solved is so much wastepaper.

Picasso said, or is reported to have said: "When we made Cubism we did not mean to make Cubism but to express what was in us." When his followers use the abstractions and distortions they find in his work they use them because these are their stock in trade. They have not come at abstract art bit by bit, forced on by some inner compulsion; they have found it ready made. If they have something to say they must say it in terms of Picasso; if they have nothing, which is more usual, they must take scraps of Picasso and try to make a picture out of them. It is instructive to follow the fortunes of some well tried distortion back from the latest work of the latest discovery of the latest critic through a series of *epigoni*, French, English and middle-European, to a Picasso of about forty years ago. The fact is, abstract art is become academic. Students learn to paint like Picasso just as once upon a time they learnt to paint like Ingres. And because Ingres and Picasso are magicians whose art differs from non-art by the breadth of a mysterious hair, by the presence of that vital spirit which we call genius, the sheep, whichever way they look, are not fed. For the touch of genius is inimitable, and without that touch a picture in the manner of either of these masters is empty. So an ambitious mediocrity imitates Ingres and we have Pujol; another imitates Picasso and we have—*vide* exhibitions of up-to-date art in Paris and London *passim*.

Yes, abstract art, with its conventional tricks and distortions, is become academic. The movement that started early in the century with the *fauves* and developed into cubism, constructivism and whatnot has run its course, with glory to

artists and profit to all. Nothing is here for tears, since probably a new movement, which will be called a reaction, is even now coming to birth. It is time for a change. In Paris there are signs and portents. People weary of "*réalités nouvelles*," and would be glad of something newer and perhaps more real. Anyhow, they would be glad of more substance and a little more pleasure. Apart from Picasso's pots, on a shelf by themselves, the triumphs of visual art during the last twelve months have been Bérard's, Derain's and Brianchon's stage-decorations. Meanwhile it would be unwise probably to draw inferences from Picasso's surprising poster, reproduced, I am glad to say, in a recent issue of the *Daily Worker*.

This poster, which represents presumably the dove of peace, I took at first sight for the photograph of a woodpigeon. It was a very different creature from that sagacious owl which was becoming in some sort the master's signature: alas! that bird is dead. This lapse into photographic ornithology may be attributed plausibly to politics. Picasso is toeing the party line. Having done his duty by Communism, he will return, we may suppose, to art. It would be a mistake, however, to be quite sure that he will return to his latest manner but one. Picasso is the most versatile of men: suppose, for the time being at all events, he were to abandon abstraction and distortion, what would become of all those forward-looking young people who are even now making ready for the summer and autumn exhibitions? And what would become of their pastors and masters and explanatory supporters in the press?

Mr. Heron, Mr. Middleton and Dr. Read himself, I beseech them all to keep a sharp eye on Paris and the Cap d'Antibes. Set spies on the rue des Augustins. You have not a moment to waste. That pigeon may not have returned to the ark: you may find him in the *salon d'automne*. If Picasso were to turn photographer overnight, you would be left holding the baby—and what a queer-looking brat. But what a lark for the rest of us it would be; also, for the younger painters what a relief. The genuine cubists, those who are constrained by nature to express themselves in abstract or at any rate distorted forms, might feel free to invent their own instead of feeling bound to follow their leader; while those who are not natural abstractionists—the vast majority, I surmise—might feel free to express themselves naturally.

CLIVE BELL

THE STRATFORD MACBETH

I FIRST came to *Macbeth*, like a great many other people I suspect, somewhere around the age of eleven. The right age to begin. For the small boy likes two things above all others (leaving aside sausages, swimming, stamps, conkers, bicycles, lavatory jokes, engines and sherbert). He likes melodrama and playing with words. At that age one was conducted into Shakespeare straight from living in the huge bound volumes of *Chums*, an imaginative country no less filled than the play with blood, horror and imminent death. A country corkscrewed with hairpin bends; where caves wound like Minoan mazes beneath the cliffs; where water ominously rose to neck-level; where floors, ceilings and walls closed in on to one's very eyes and where the night bristled with noises.

To an imagination that mooned among these properties, *Macbeth* presented no difficulties: "And on the blade and dudgeon gouts of blood", "Aroint thee witch the rumpfed runion cries." The memorable only added a further exciting dimension to the recognisable. Melodrama is the soil of *Macbeth*. Mr. Middleton Murry in a brilliant essay on this play in his *Shakespeare* (lately reissued by Cape at 15s) reminds us:

> Shakespeare's dramatic method consists essentially in the humanisation of melodrama . . . and it requires of the critic that he should allow real validity to both these elements . . . and that he should rid himself of the prepossession that Shakespeare always resented the element of intractible melodrama on which he had to work . . . The situation was given to Shakespeare at the beginning. His characters derive their first rudimentary life from the situation. Therefore they are humanised rather than human. That does not mean that they are not human.

This clue of Mr. Middleton Murry's is well worth holding on to, I think, as we consider Mr. Godfrey Tearle's *Macbeth* which opens the Stratford season this year.

The new school of production of which the present producer, Mr. Anthony Quayle is a leading or foundation member, is very well adapted to bringing out the melodrama. This is an "exciting" production, in the sense that it misses no chance of playing up the excitement, the horrible excitement, of the melodramatic frame. The decor by Edward Carrick helps out this design; it is literally wild and woolly throughout: at times, less happily, it is so in a figurative sense as well. Our earliest impression in the evening is of a barbaric rush—the chieftains swirling up the steps in front of the stage bearing on a litter the horribly gashed Sergeant and sweeping him off for his wounds to be dressed, so that the battle story to his king, delivered in a relishing Doric, is only incidental to his passing in and out of the picture. Thus the pace is set; and the tone is pitched to a wild clamorous outlandishness that will assail us whenever the brilliantly handled crowds make their appearance—in the great hall after the murder, at the banquet and in the final battle scenes where, with an echo of the opening, Malcolm's army creeps up the steps towards the battlements.

In a dark production I could at least have done with the witches less visible, but they were macabre enough with their menacing forked hazel twigs against the silhouetted granite blocks. Above all the narrative line is well pointed with many small but telling touches to heighten the tension. As the best example of the handling of the melodramatic element I would instance the murder of Lady Macduff and her son, the most successful treatment of the scene that I remember seeing. The murderers creep up to mother and child from different sides. The little boy rushes with a whelp's fury at the first while the others pursue the mother. Her death scream coming in from outside stiffens the child's murderer into a gruesome pose, the butchered boy's body dangling upside down.

If, in Mr. Middleton Murry's phrase, we take melodrama as one extremity of the play and humanisation as the other, Lady Macbeth, in an ideal production, stands between the two. Macbeth himself is, from the very beginning, a character at odds with his actions: she only becomes so later. She starts in pure melodrama and moves over into a conscious human being after the murder—and even then only fitfully until the strain of self-knowledge proves too great for her. In an ideal production, I say. For Miss Diana Wynyard, the Lady Macbeth here, is not a tragic actress and she wisely accepts her limitations. And then by doing so surprises us by demonstrating that these limitations are less than one might have prophesied. She stays all the time within melodrama, it is true, but she does fairly fill that out. Her edge is sharp; her note harsh; her purpose iron. She drives her decision through her husband's doubts and arrives at a point the other side, where his "Bring forth men children only" rings absolutely appropriate. Her voice is sometimes too low, or, rather, when it is pitched low, she does not always articulate to the end of each word. But it is a performance of great power added to the prevailing note of excitement.

There, then, was the one extremity, the melodrama, the action, the events, the situation in which Macbeth finds himself. What we demand of *him*—and it depends almost wholly on him—is that he stands in total contrast to the mere eventfulness of all that. He is the one fully self-aware being, endowed with the ability to finger his experience, to turn it over in his hands and hold it up to the light of self-consciousness and see it as it feels. It is this power of his, the savage soldier, to undergo out loud for us the inner processes, even more appalling than the outer events, that should make the experience for us in the end not horrific but tragic. And to the achieving of this all the rest of the production is, in the last analysis, only subsidiary.

But the sad fact is that Mr. Godfrey Tearle for some reason or other failed to bring most of this off. Certainly on the first night one could feel that things were not going well for him, as they did not, indeed, go well for anyone. But I could not ascribe as much of the weakness of the performance as I should wish to the first night accidents or nerves (Mr. Tearle was very shaky in his memory). What is essential for Macbeth is that he should seize our sympathy for himself from the very outset (even with very little help from the lines), seize it so surely that we ourselves enter with him the thickets that are springing up. Mr. Tearle never did this, nor even attempted it. He threw away almost the whole of the first act, line after line, speech after speech, as if he were taking all too literally the injunction of his first soliloquy "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," which was over almost before it had begun. Too harrassed from the start, too haggard with doubt too soon, he played all the time right below his Lady Macbeth, making of himself a mere junior partner.

The second act was better, much better. The foreshadowing irony of his speech with Banquo before the fatal ride was well pointed and held: and then for the first time in the colloquy that follows with Lady Macbeth the true note came through. At the lines

> There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
> Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
> His cloistered flight: ere, to black Hecate's summons,
> The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
> Hath rung night's warning peal, there shall be done
> A deed of dreadful note,

at that point at last, the weight really came into his voice, the verse was given its proper pace and stroke: at last he began really to "tell." He drove himself through the banquet with a kind of nervous intensity that was highly effective, and here Mr. Leon Quartermaine's most reproachful of ghosts was a great aid. It was a brilliant flash: but too late and all too brief. The third act was again less successful.

I remember carrying away from this last act in Mr. Redgrave's recent production the most powerful impression of a soldier tied to the stake and only desperately and hopelessly fighting to the end—but all the same rescuing from his past at least the fighter's courage that had before the play's beginning won "golden opinions." In Mr. Tearle there seemed no strength, no core—for there never had been that from the start; there was only the sort of despairing haphazard striking all round him that any cornered man, even the least physically courageous, might muster at such a moment. Moreover, the duels were only moderately well stylised and the death itself a fiasco. So it was that this "exciting" production was not after all exciting in a full sense. The melodrama lived, but not the humanisation.

But I must not leave an impression of total failure. Far from it. Mr. Tearle is one of our leading Shakespearean actors and though he shows here than he can be flatter than one would ever have imagined, he cannot be bad; while the supporting cast gives every promise of maintaining the very high standard Stratford now sets itself. I have only space now to mention one of them by name. Mr. Harry Andrews, a robust barbaric Macduff, provided the most moving moment of the evening in his deeply felt playing when he hears of his wife's death. Finally one small complaint. Mr. Quayle, like other modern producers, has failed to solve two minor problems of treatment, Shakespearean "clowns" and Shakespearean old men. The Duncan, here, for instance, got up to look like some fancy-dress Archbishop, speaks in the mincing tones of a "spiky" curate in decline. How such a ninny was able to manage the savage hordes surrounding him is difficult to understand. Such small details stand out very awkwardly in a production which is otherwise markedly convincing.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE ENGLISH OPERAS

THOSE who succumbed—long, long ago—to the spell of *The Immortal Hour* must have wondered, as they made their way down the Mile End Road, how cruel the awakening would be. At first it proved cruel indeed. The dull Dalua harangued his shadowy unseen chorus at far greater length than one remembered; and were there really, "in the old, old, far-off days," those well-meaning mobile nymphs, anything but shadowy as they abandoned the intense attitudes of the maidens in *Patience* in order to display a dim provincial acquaintance with the Russian Ballet? Yes, an unhappy start; but the entrance of Etain to her famous E minor tune, together with the attractive, easy singing and complete absorption in her part of the new Australian soprano, Glenda Raymond, restored a touch of the old magic. It has grown thin, of course, terribly thin, but it is still fitfully there: in the *coup de théâtre* at the end of the first act, with the Faery Song in the far distance and the silent curtain-fall; and in the whole "Luring Scene" itself, still a winner. In between comes a lot of sad stuff, watered-down Puccini and hearty choruses in the pageant style; and it's true enough, as has been pointed out, that you have only to play around on the black notes of the piano to find yourself picking out catchy pentatonic tunes. Still, the fact remains that Rutland Boughton believed so intensely—so naively, if you like—in the Celtic glamour of Fiona MacLeod's text that, even after thirty-five years, something remains to explain why the opera once ran for 216 nights.

What will remain, by 1985, of Mr. Inglis Gundry's *Avon*? This is a full-length and ambitious opera, based on the life of the Elizabethan madrigalist Wilbye, and courageously mounted for a week's run by the Exploratory Opera Society. When one thinks of the energy, labour and enthusiasm, the love and the money needed to float such a venture, it is tempting to find some way of avoiding the plain truth—that the work was a resounding failure. We were shown the house musician in a great Warwickshire manor in competition with an Italianate Englishman, hot from Florence with the new operatic style; but Mr. Gundry's own sense of style is so uncertain, and his inventive powers so limited, that it is difficult to work up much interest in the outcome; still less in the stilted love affair of the madrigalist and Lady Laura, or the political activities of her betrothed, Lord Buckridge (the date is 1601, and the Essex rebellion is always going on in the wings). The libretto, by the composer himself, is prosaic and naive. "What is it Shakespeare says?" asks Lady Laura, determined to quote the most hackneyed lines from *The Merchant of Venice*; and Lord Buckridge makes his first appearance with a line of recitative which might have come out of Sheridan's *Critic*: "They say the Queen means to make an end of monopolies. Our sole source of wealth!" One must really manage to be a little more adroit than this.

At Sadler's Wells, *Gianni Schicchi* joins *Il Tabarro* in the repertory. (It would be nice, some day, to hear *Suor Angelica* as well, though it ends with a terrible display of *bondieuserie*, and all three together would make, under present conditions, too long an evening for the Wells.) The performance of *Schicchi* had many virtues, but too many of them were cancelled by the standard English fault, in *opera buffa*, of overdoing the funny business (the Italians are often no better) and of putting across the jokes *in spite* of the music, instead of *with* it and *inside* it (if only they would listen to Stabile's Malatesta and Falstaff with this problem in mind). The result was that *Tabarro* seemed musically superior to *Schicchi*, which is not the usual verdict. Mr. Peter Hoffer had painted a pretty Florentine set; but it was a producer's error to floodlight the ghastly mask of the corpse, a macabre touch out of keeping with this sunny, good-humoured score, which is a true descendant of *Falstaff*.

There will be a rare opportunity for Londoners to make the acquaintance of Mozart's deviationist opera *La Clemenza di Tito* next week, when the enterprising City Opera Club puts it on for five performances at the Guildhall School of Music. Always a slave to duty, I have abandoned Mozart beside the crystal Thames, in favour of Szymanowski and a galaxy of moderns beside whatever river runs through Palermo into the salt Tyrrhenian. I must warn my readers, however, that I shall be tremendously down on anybody who is reported to me, on my return, as *not* having been to see the Guildhall *Titus*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

ONE night last week I listened to Mr. Gerald Abraham telling how he "reconstructed" a vanished string quartet in one movement by Wagner. Afterwards, in the same programme, one was able to hear this reconstructed Quartet Movement, played by the Amadeus String Quartet, and I found myself objecting that surely this music wasn't what Mr. Abraham had described it to be—"thinly disguised quartet music." It sounded like a characteristic melodic progress, energetic, never doubling back on itself, which happened to have been entrusted, by Wagner and Mr. Abraham, to four string instruments. It's not, however, the validity or otherwise of these musical impressions that I wish to make a point of here, but the fact that the programme, while still going on, had stimulated me into active reflection. Success in broadcasting depends, I believe, on this power to stimulate, which, in turn, depends on an elusive communicating quality, which one may perhaps call "mastery of the air." Miss Eileen Bigland had an excellent subject in *Ouida and the Modern Novel*, and perhaps her talk was excellent, but she killed it with a deadly-smooth reading voice. It may seem obnoxious to insist on a point like this, but I think that one has to because there is no getting out of it. When you listen on the air to a story read by its author, it is not the same as reading it; the effect on you is produced by the manner of telling as well as by the words; just as, when you go to the theatre, acting, production and audience all contribute to the forming of your impressions. As a medium, the air presents one problem more difficult than the theatre, in that the broadcaster has no visible actors or scenes, but voice only, to assist him. This makes mastery of it the more essential, whether in programmes of philosophy or science or politics or poetry or stories or variety—perhaps even in the more intimate forms of music. The voice over the air is a live thing, and useless unless it carries the sense of life to listeners. And I think that *Radio Notes*, which is a sort of listening made articulate and able to answer back, ought to reflect this. As it also ought to reflect, in some degree, the fact that listening is arbitrary, ephemeral, spasmodic, unpredictable; that one week one may feel drawn towards talks, another more to variety or poetry or plays; that the listener switches on and switches off, often with too little patience, sometimes with too much; that his pleasantest experiences usually take him by surprise, while his worst may be those he has planned and intended to enjoy; that, for example, he may find himself more stirred by five minutes of an appeal for disabled soldiers than by three hours of the *St. Matthew Passion*.

Here one needs to be careful. There are radio professionals who have mastered the air, but not the art of giving pleasure—to me anyhow. Manner is not everything. Matter also matters. And the more satisfactory experiences in listening arise from programmes which have succeeded in achieving both. But though this is true, and the matter of a broadcast is subject to criticism in much the same way as that of a novel or a poem, yet the position isn't quite the same. It isn't only merit, in the strict literary sense, that you listen for. The air gives you the chance of appreciating character, and people living and speaking and behaving in character, for their own sake. When last week I listened to Lord Wavell talk on *Living and Reading*, what I enjoyed was, not his literary criticism as such, but the military humanism of it—the sense of a stiff soldierly breeze blowing through books. One was not surprised, indeed it seemed right, to hear that Lord Wavell prefers the "older poets"; but from whom but a bibliophile soldier could one have learned that the poor attempts of the modern poets are not even "*camouflaged*" to look like poetry? This is the sort of pleasure which one can only get from the air, with its special relationship between voice, word and life. It should have been present and fascinating in *School on the Moor*, an on-the-spot record of a day in the life of an elementary school, isolated on a remote Cornish moor and managed by one master and his wife. It wasn't, because everybody seemed overcome by a sense of occasion; the schoolmaster droned platitudes, the children rhythmically chanted sums and answered roll-call (three or four times within the programme's half-hour), and the total effect was smug, posed and dead. One must blame the producer, Mr. Brandon Acton-Bond, for having failed to understand how to eavesdrop.

MARK OGILVIE

THE MOVIES

"Melody Time", at the New Gallery
"Three Godfathers", at the Empire

Everyone knows what to expect from a new Disney film, so I suppose nobody will be disappointed. *Melody Time* is the usual assemblage of vapidly bright tunes and capering images no sooner seen than forgotten. The sort of "melody" that Disney now builds on varies from the streamlined and chromatic to heavily sugared folk-song; blue-birds hover round a singer, heavenly hearts are inscribed in stars, chocolate-box landscapes come to life, Donald Duck and his fellows caper round a beautiful Mexican playing jazz on an organ, and it's hard to say which looks less convincing—cartoon or flesh. I have an awful feeling that this is the perfect expression of that impulse which, fifteen or so years ago, put the Wurlitzer into our midst, and matched its gurglings and whinnyings with a rainbow of melting marzipan on the screen. Do you remember that discomfiture? Here it is, neatly capsuled, horribly tinted, and easy to take.

Not that there aren't, if one can repress the medicinal shudder, pretty effects and lively moments in the half-dozen turns of *Melody Time*. I liked the obvious prettiness of the skaters in one piece, the slick surrealism of Rimsky-Korsakoff's Bee chopped into boogie, bits of the tall-story Western ballad, and tugboat junior ("liddle Toot," as the inescapable though unseen Andrewes Sisters caressingly addressed him), the only endearing new character in this collection. I must say, in its favour, that *Melody Time*, a short entertainment in any case, goes quickly and leaves behind only a mild rancour. Disney has done his worst, and we are inured to it. China dwarfs grin at us out of the shrubbery, hideous Mickeys have flooded the market of children's books and jigsaws. He could make an Easter egg out of *Candide* without our turning a hair.

Ford's *Three Godfathers*, on the other hand, excites and depresses as the work of a man who can make us feel that a cinema seat is worth sitting in. The story of this early Western, about three tough fugitives in the Arizona desert who find a Babe in a waggon and see the Star of Bethlehem shining over the mountains, is so appalling that one can still hardly believe in its having been undertaken. Ford himself does not hurry to these revelations. Thirty minutes or more pass before we feel the hint of parable, and those minutes establish a chase in the desert with really magnificent effect. The landscape (in a Technicolor that for once bewitches the eye) holds to the end. Half of the film is masterly. Wasted talent; but thank heavens for the talent to waste!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE DIVISION OF THE CAKE

SIR,—In your last week's issue you comment on the "sensational advance" of farmers' incomes from £60 million in 1938 to £248 million at the present time.

There has certainly been a considerable increase in agricultural profits during the period in question, but it is doubtful how much reliance can be placed on the 1938 estimate since at that time farmers were assessed to income tax, not on their profits, but on the rental value of their land. If, however, they could prove that their actual profits in any year were less than their rent they could then claim to be assessed on profits for that year.

It was, therefore, only those farmers who were doing badly who were required to produce accounts to the Inland Revenue; the others didn't need to, and many of them, in fact, didn't keep accounts. In the circumstances, the 1938 estimate can only have been based on the flimiest statistical evidence, and that relating mainly to the affairs of the less prosperous members of the farming community. It may, of course, be that the actual figures used were corrected to allow for the gap in the statistics but I still don't see how the amount of the correction can possibly have been any other than a blind guess.

The present-day figures are, however, much more reliable, since all the larger farmers have, for the past few years, been assessed on actual profits. And, as from the current financial year, all farmers, irrespective of the size of their holdings, will be assessable on profits.

I admit that I have no direct evidence to support it, but my own feeling is that the margin of error in the pre-war figures was probably so great as to render comparison with present-day figures quite valueless. FISC

THE FILM CRISIS

SIR,—Throughout the 1920s and 1930s the English film industry comprised an exhibition industry and a renting industry. These two between them took the major portion of the receipts, the balance going to the American film producers in respect of the films, which were virtually all American, shown in our cinemas. No real hardship to the producers was involved in this arrangement because the films would already have recovered their production costs in American cinemas.

The above fact, which is important, clearly explains why the balance of cinema takings left by the exhibitors and renters is insufficient for English film producers who should be able to look to English cinemas for the recovery of their production costs.

To put the English film industry on its feet it must, even after making all the most stringent economies, be able to secure a larger sum per picture than it is at present doing.

Leaving aside Socialist solutions which are probably impossible at the present time we are left with three alternatives.

(1) A voluntary reduction by renters and exhibitors in their share of gross takings.

(2) An increase in seat prices, the whole of the increase going to the producers.

(3) A State subsidy for film production, with a strict enforcement of the quota.

The first is just wishful thinking; the exhibitors and renters would be quite happy if there were no native film industry.

The second is undesirable for a number of reasons and might even decrease rather than increase the gross takings.

The third is at least worth consideration. It must be in the national interest that there should be a flourishing native film industry. Quite apart from consideration of entertainment for British audiences and unemployment in the production industry, a flourishing industry is a potent factor in the cultural and economic life of the country. The film's power to maintain a country's position in world markets of fashion goods, etc., cannot be ignored. But it must be a native industry. American films made with American capital in English studios can never be a valid alternative.

Do not let us, however, base any arguments in favour of a subsidy on the amount of entertainments tax taken from the industry. Entertainments tax is a tax on the cinema-goer and not on the industry, and it would make little difference to the tax if no British films were ever made.

These alterations amount, however, to no more than stop-gap expedients; in the long run only really Socialist remedies will serve and the sooner real consideration is given to them the better.

66 Sharps Lane, J. B. NAPIER BELL
Ruislip, Middlesex.

THE DANCING NEEDLE

SIR,—In an article dealing primarily with the manufacturing of men's clothing, your correspondent advanced as self-evident the proposition that the distributor's proportion of the final retail price is excessive. Adequate comment on his assertion would be beyond the scope of a letter. But the statements of fact illustrating it require correction.

If a retailer buys a men's non-Utility suit for £13 10s., his price margin is limited by law to 50 per cent. on this amount only (i.e., £6 15s.); your correspondent put the figure at £9 by erroneously calculating the 50 per cent. on cost plus Purchase Tax. Incidentally, if (as your correspondent agrees is common practice) the retailer had bought the suit direct from the manufacturer, the one-third Purchase Tax would be calculated, not on the retailer's actual buying price, but on that amount inflated by 12½ per cent., this being supposed to represent what it would have cost if bought through a wholesaler; so that the tax would be £5 1s. 3d. instead of the £4 10s. quoted by your correspondent. Hence the retailer's gross margin would be less than 27 per cent. of the retail price, against your correspondent's suggestion of 33⅓ per cent.

If a retailer buys a Utility suit for £9, your correspondent states that he would sell it for £13 10s. In fact, his selling price would be limited by law to £12. It may perhaps be noted that most men's Utility suits are priced well below these hypothetical figures. DONALD BARBER

Retail Distributors' Association,
23 St. George Street,
Hanover Square, W.1.

MALAYA

SIR,—Mr. Woodrow Wyatt's article "Question Mark in Malaya" contains a large number of misstatements which call for immediate correction. It is obvious that he has either failed completely to find anyone willing to give him the case for the Communists, or has ignored that side of the story.

He is basically at fault in imagining an attack *by* the Communists *on* the Administration, as a check with any of the newspapers of last spring will confirm. The decision to drive the Communist Party out of the open was taken by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald and announced by him in a series of melodramatic speeches. The very logic of the situation should make it clear that the Communists, —the one party with experience dating back to the 1920's, with a clear path open to them for the steady advance that had already carried them a long way from their immediate post-war position, with virtually no political competition, and massive prestige throughout the country based on their consistent anti-Japanese record—would never deliberately choose to go underground.

The Communists have been excessively moderate in their policy, avoiding the mistake of demanding outright independence until there is a full realisation of what compromise with British Imperialism means. They have worked extremely well with all other Left groups. It is for this reason that no "Third Force" has survived long; all have either joined forces with the Communists or been exposed as nominees of the Administration. To say, as Mr. Wyatt does, that this means there is no national movement is nonsense. There is no breakaway national movement, but that is rather a different thing.

Mr. Wyatt claims the Communists were not declared illegal—which is almost true, if one puts the emphasis on "declared." They have been illegal since 1939 for the crime of organising anti-Japanese demonstrations. The leadership has not been able to appear in the open even in the period immediately after our re-occupation. The name of the General Secretary of the Party was, even in those days, mentioned furtively and he was never able to address public meetings.

The best story Mr. Wyatt found (and I can just imagine the jovial type who planted it on him) is of the joys of a British prison, followed by banishment, compared with the risk of offending the "bandits." I have never visited a more terrible place than the Anson Road prison in Singapore; and the conditions there for Europeans (about which questions have been asked in the Commons) are, undoubtedly, a paradise compared with what happens to Asian Communists and their friends.

As for banishment, it is one of the most cowardly and inhuman punishments ever devised. It means certain death in Kuomintang China for people against whom the Administration is unable to frame a charge and whom it does not wish to murder itself. Personal friends of mine with their wives and children were among those who vanished into Canton with no charge against them as long as two years ago.

Mr. Wyatt criticises the T.U.s in Singapore, but does not try to explain how such undemocratic and evil outfits as he and officialdom depict retained all their strength until the recent all-out attack, in spite of every attempt to smother them and to establish Government yellow unions. Terrorism does not explain this; a handful of Communists cannot indefinitely browbeat a whole working-class against a Police-state organisation.

It is likewise difficult to know how Mr. Wyatt gets his information about mass Malay feeling. It has never been allowed the opportunity of fair expression in an election. The only Malays who are vocal are people like the Sultan of Johore who was, in 1945, denounced as a collaborator even by *The Times*.

Mr. Wyatt forecasts that by the end of the year trouble should be confined only to the occasional shooting incident. It is not so long ago that his opposite numbers in Holland whom, with truly British logic, he has recently been attacking, were saying the same thing about Indonesia. Perhaps if he is proved thoroughly wrong in this opinion he will begin to realise that there is a difference between a bandit and a member of the Malayan resistance movement. DAVID ROSS

Via Barozzi, 7, Milano, Italy.

RITUAL MUTILATIONS

SIR,—H. N. Brailsford states that female circumcision is, or was, practised in Malaya. I have been a Welfare Officer in that country for three years, and I have never heard of any such practice among the Malays, now or formerly. Indeed, anyone familiar with the tolerant and unascetic Malay, whose basic outlook in spite of Islam is not unlike that of the South Sea Islander of Samoa or Hawaii, would find it hard to credit him with any such deliberate assault on the senses. Nor does it seem likely that other nationalities in Malaya would practise female circumcision, except possibly the aborigines. It would be interesting to know if any NEW STATESMAN & NATION readers could contradict my experience. If this practice does survive in Malay, I feel sure that if it were brought to public notice it would receive short shrift at the hands of either native or European authorities.

I have seen it suggested that the origin of the practice was to keep down the birth rate by dampening female desire. At any rate, many of the peoples quoted by H. N. Brailsford as practising it inhabit poor countries with a low standard of living, where perhaps the tactful introduction of birth control might do something to destroy the custom.

I not only agree that any anthropologist sent to study the problem should be a woman, but I suggest that any resulting propaganda should be carried out by women among the women of the peoples concerned. Although the primitive woman may on superficial observation seem a suppressed, meek creature, she in reality holds the key place in her society as the centre of reproduction and the first teacher of her children, and propaganda directed at her is likely to give more satisfactory and enduring results.

98 Carbery Avenue, MARGUERITE R. JELLICOE
Southbourne, Bournemouth.

COST OF DYING

SIR,—The information given in Mr. Rolph's admirable article deserves the widest publicity. Although the time is probably not yet ripe for the acceptance of the proposal "that the burial of all the dead should be a municipal function and a public charge," the time is surely ripe on July 5, 1949, for the whole question to be aired and considered by those who will receive a posthumous death benefit.

As Mr. Rolph points out, it is not only those buried by the Guardians who share a common grave, but more than half those who are buried cannot afford anything better. The horror of this to many mourners is that there is no guarantee that the loved one is left to "rest in peace." I shall never forget seeing a very poor woman give the grave-digger (one of a class I put at the top of this hierarchy of death) a shilling after her baby had been buried in a "common" grave saying: "Be kind to him." Thomas Hardy's poems were written by an architect, and on this subject are quite illuminating.

Another feature of burial "on the parish" is that the whole thing is so sordid; the ancient hearse that will hardly move without falling to pieces, the shabby clothes of the bearers, whose numbers are reduced to a minimum, of course. The insult to personality, not only of the dead but of the living, is all the harder, as I believe the poorer members of the community are much more attached to the material evidence of personality than the wealthier.

It is this attachment that makes so many funerals seem more pagan than Christian, and is the greatest obstacle to the practice of cremation becoming prevalent.

Meanwhile let us hope that the millions saved for burial insurance by those who have never had a holiday, will now be transferred to that more profitable channel, rather than to the pocket of the undertaker in his self-chosen "loneliness."

Holy Trinity Vicarage, REV. J. M. CARTWRIGHT
Weston-super-Mare.

HENRY JAMES

SIR,—Mr. Graham Hough, writing on Henry James in the current issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, does me the honour to mention a recent book of mine. Referring to *The Bostonians*, he says:—

> He [the writer of this letter] and his author alike only miss one thing out—the essential vileness of the situation that the novel describes, the possession of a young girl by a ghastly intellectual harpy. James remains singularly complaisant about all this. He presents the hideous emotional bullying by which Verena Tarrant is enslaved with consummate skill, but he does not appear to think it particularly remarkable or ugly.

It seems to me that anyone who can say that James is complaisant in presenting the situation between Olive Chancellor and Verena Tarrant, or that he does not appear to think it particularly remarkable or ugly, or that he finds in Verena's escape "only a doubtful subject of congratulation," cannot in any serious sense have read James's book, even if he has turned over most of the pages; and I think it regrettable that yet another critic who shows a patent indisposition to be interested in James should have offered to write about him. It matters less that Mr. Hough should misrepresent me, and that, in turning over the pages of *The Great Tradition*, he should, apparently, have missed, among others, the passage in which I remark on the reasons for Miss Rebecca West's inability to forgive James's treatment of feminism (see p. 135). Or is it just possible that, in the course of his unimpressed perusal, the gist of what I say lodged in Mr. Hough's mind, and was disguised from his recognition when he came to write it down by the difference between his idiom and mine? I myself, I grant, do not use the phrases "essential vileness" or "ghastly intellectual harpy." (Mr. Hough might be judged to be an even ruggeder moralist than myself.)

In the same way, he might have made his criticism of James's "country house" by quoting from my book (the usefully compact footnote on p. 172, for instance, would have served his turn very well—in so far, that is, as it was James he was concerned to discredit). As for the point that the house in *The Portrait of a Lady* belongs to an American family, I own that when *I* make it I am not making a point against America. And in general, his attention being called to places in my book from which it might plausibly be suggested that he had perhaps learnt something, Mr. Hough would no doubt reply that I, unlike him, "hedge": that is, I see James's attitudes in the matter of the country house and "civilization" as decidedly complex—in ways in which, in a careful consideration of different works, I try to bring out. Moreover, James changed. And why Mr. Hough should say that I "hedge" in my strictures on the famous late novels I do not know. It is true that I find failure less accompanied by evidence of genius in one than in another. That, I suppose, gives Mr. Hough—whose criticism of *The Golden Bowl* might reasonably be taken to be a summary of mine—the opportunity to feel that he is audaciously original and outspoken in pronouncing against them all (as I do, unequivocally, myself).

Downing College, F. R. LEAVIS
Cambridge.

CHILDREN'S RELIEF

SIR,—In a world largely dominated by the heavy type of newspaper headlines, few people have the opportunity of hearing about the less dramatic but possibly the more hopeful side of human endeavour. There are signs of a renewed desire to help the work of child relief and we should be grateful for space to voice our appeal.

At our country home in Surrey we are receiving parties of German, Italian and, we hope, Greek children. Here among pine trees and in clean fresh air 16 German boys and girls are at this moment spending three weeks or a month regaining their lost vitality before going as guests to British families who have invited them for two months and in some cases longer. Under the trained supervision of our wardens, health and strength quickly begin to return, and the only problem is the constant raising of funds. It has cost us nearly £1,000 to equip the house, and maintenance charges come to about £200 per month. A generous grant from the Lord Mayor's U.N.A.C. Fund has already enabled us to invite 300 German children and a party of 25 Italians. It costs £10 per child in fares alone, and the queue of children is pathetically long. To carry out the work we need to raise £3,000 immediately so as to plan several months ahead. Apart from the staff at the country home, all the administration and organising is carried out by five people, which means that administration expenses are kept down to a minimum.

All donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Dame Sybil Thorndike, 43 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. JOHN BARCLAY
Organising Secretary
International Help for Children.

THE SLOW NIGHT

SIR,—In his review of Christopher Hassall's *The Slow Night*, Mr. G. S. Fraser refers to him as "a poet with a high reputation for mastery of traditional techniques." He then dismisses all the poems as "flat and stuffy," finds their diction "slack and stilted," and accuses the author of insincere poetizing. As evidence, he quotes a few lines, carefully chosen to suit his plan of spiteful misrepresentation. It is impossible to believe that the critic, who discusses four other poets with sympathetic acuteness, has read *The Slow Night* with any attempt at fair-mindedness. Mr. Hassall does not conform to modernist fashions. Therefore he must be damned and insulted. I feel justified in protesting against this treatment of a volume which, in my opinion, contains so much beautiful and distinguished work. I do not propose to argue with your critic. I merely assert that there are at least six poems in the book which I should be proud to have written. And I could produce judgments more influential than mine to support me.

Heytesbury House, SIEGFRIED SASSOON
Wiltshire.

AN INDIAN RIDE

SIR,—In his generous review of my book, *At Freedom's Door*, Mr. Louis MacNeice says that I have the "innocent tricks of an old-fashioned aunt" and adds, as the first of two examples, "his horse is 'fresh as a rose'." Did he realise that the horse of which this was first said was not mine, as the way he puts it suggests in spite of the inverted commas in the text, but the once famous Dumple? It was perhaps rash on my part to quote so old-fashioned a writer as Scott. MALCOLM DARLING
42 Catherine Place, S.W.1.

SOCIAL PRAGMATISM

SIR,—A Shorter Notice calls for shorter words: Mrs. Freed writes in *Social Pragmatism* of "psychologically determined actions"; in my brief summary I spoke of these as actions which must be done. I pointed to the ambiguities of "must." Mrs. Freed says truly that she never used the word. But the more technical words she does use are ambiguous in just the same way. The argument is unaffected.

More clearly even than her book, Mrs. Freed's letter has shown what is wrong with Social Pragmatism. It repudiates "ethics." Yet Social Pragmatism is described by Mrs. Freed in terms which reveal it to be a set of recommendations about conduct. Since ethical sentences are just this—recommendations about conduct—Social Pragmatism is itself a species of ethics, and Mrs. Freed as much an ethicist (if by no means as good a logician) as the philosophers "from St. Paul to Professor Broad" whom she attacks with such spirit. YOUR REVIEWER

THE GENIUS OF IBSEN

SIR,—May I put on record that the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre has just finished a short run of *The Enemy of the People*, done into Scots and sited at a Scottish watering place? The effect is quite startlingly up to the minute and the play is received by the audiences as a satirical comedy—which it is.

JAMES BRIDIE

STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX
Breathe the vapour 1 from your handkerchief-or 2 from the Vapex Inhaler—and 3 rub your chest with VAPEX - VOLATOL
Of all Chemists
Vapex 2/6 Inhaler 1/3 Vapex-Volatol 1/9
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD. ENGLAND. V241

Interested in FILM?
Then join a Film Society.
Write for the address of your nearest to the
BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE
164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2.

READ
HEALTH THROUGH HOMŒOPATHY
6d. MONTHLY—7/- per Annum POST FREE.
THE BRITISH HOMŒOPATHIC ASSOCIATION,
43 *RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1*

Learn complete theory of

Shorthand by May 23

Less than an hour a day of fascinating sparetime study will give you mastery of all the rules of streamlined Dutton Shorthand *by May* 23, if you act promptly. There is then nothing new to learn and regular practice builds up speeds to 150-200 words a minute. Thousands have made good with Dutton—it's so easy to learn, easy to write, easy to read.

or streamlined longhand

Dutton Speedwords, the new fast-writing system using ordinary letters instead of signs, can be used for rapid note-taking from the first hour of study. Much used as a practical time-saver by busy executives and professional people. Can be typed or written at 100-120 words a minute. Ordinary matter averages only two letters per word, and can be used for all languages. Warmly commended by G. Bernard Shaw and Prof. Hogben.

FREE test lessons

Test yourself on the free first lesson (no obligation) of either Dutton Shorthand or Dutton Speedwords. Tear out this advt. and send it with your name and address, enclosing 2½d. stamp for interesting booklet and free lesson, stating clearly which interests you (enclose 5d. if both desired).

THE DUTTON SCHOOL
Dept. NS4, 92-93 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1

Company Meeting

UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

Promise and Performance
GREAT STRENGTH OF BRITISH INSURANCE
SIR ERNEST BENN'S SPEECH

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the United Kingdom Provident Institution was held on April 20 at the head office, 33, Gracechurch St., London, E.C.

SIR ERNEST J. P. BENN, Bt., C.B.E., the chairman, who presided, said :—

As a result of the nationalization of railway and electricity undertakings, the proportion of your funds now secured upon the public credit has risen to 26 per cent. The account now presented shows a total of over £8,000,000 invested in direct obligations of the Central Government stocks guaranteed by the Government, Indian Railway Annuities, and the stocks and loans of local authorities. The sum of these is the measure of our interest in the maintenance of sound principles and due economy in public finance.

In answer to a recent Parliamentary question as to whether he would introduce legislation to nationalize the insurance industry, the Prime Minister said "No, Sir," and thus confirmed a similar statement made in November, 1945. The public should understand that life assurance can be destroyed, but cannot be nationalized. A railway or a coal mine may function more or less as before, but a policy of assurance dependent upon future political opinion would be something entirely different from a contract based on the solid savings of the past. The State can only substitute the hope that future generations will be willing to pay.

What may fairly be described as the official prospectus of nationalization was published in 1917. In the same year the institution issued policies most of which have already been paid, and none of which has been subject to the alteration of a single dot or comma in the original terms. That is in the nature of our business, and we are entitled to compare our promises of 1917 with those of the authors of these new ideas.

In that year the Fabian Society published the report of a committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Sidney Webb (later Lord Passfield) on the nationalization of the railways, the coal mines, and the insurance industry.

While private enterprise has honoured and more the full obligations of its bond, political wisdom from the highest authority has turned out to be only fractionally as good as its promise.

The security which it is our business to provide for the benefit of our members is in fact very different from a scheme which would place everybody's eggs in the one big basket of the State.

In recent years the terms in which we talk of money finance and investment have undergone considerable alterations. Hard, soft, convertibility, blocked, shortage of dollars or sterling, pools and areas, are samples of new and unfamiliar words in a very uncomfortable and unfamiliar world.

It is disturbing to remember that as late as 1939 there was practically no difficulty in procuring, for the purposes of trade or investment, the foreign currency of one's choice, for immediate or future delivery, at the market rate of the day. Foreign exchange was in the safe and competent hands of the bankers, the price mechanism was free to function, and, compared with to-day, no trade anywhere was hindered by purely banking considerations.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of what has happened, since governments usurped these functions, is the rate of exchange for the dollar. The pound can be bought in the free market for $2.90 and yet official America gives us $4.02. Such an empirical arrangement can have no permanence and yet the whole structure of world trade is now built upon it. Whatever may be thought to have been its disadvantages it can hardly be denied that private enterprise, in this respect at least, provided foundations and facilities for which no substitute has yet been discovered.

Public confidence in the impregnable position of British life assurance remains undisturbed. A century of sound practice means, in our case, that a fund entered in our balance sheet at £30,000,000 has a present market value of 25 per cent. more. Minor depressions will leave us unconcerned, and even such a slump as would satisfy the most avaricious pessimist is unlikely to affect our solvency.

In a time of world-wide doubt and difficulty the balance-sheet now presented to you should bring a sense of safety and relief. We cannot escape the effects of forces beyond our control, but we can and do claim that the position of the United Kingdom Life Office in relation to the general situation is to-day better than at any time in our long history.

From the Persian Gulf

To John Sinclair Ltd. *KUWAIT, March* 1/49

"Please send another 2lb. of Barneys to the "above address. Your Tobacco arrived in "excellent condition and I have been thoroughly "enjoying it. Unfortunately my last Tin is "already in sight and I would therefore appre-"ciate it if you can despatch my new order "with all possible haste . . ."

Barneys is perhaps the World's most widely-travelled pipe Tobacco. Its EVERFRESH Tin takes Factory-Freshness to the distant places. Smokers abroad can arrange for regular personal despatches, Ex Bond and British Duty Free in 2lb. parcels, to many lands but not as yet to all.

Barneys

Barneys *(medium)*,
Punchbowle *(full)*, Parsons Pleasure *(mild)*.
Home Prices, 4/3½d. oz.

(308) JOHN SINCLAIR LTD., NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

dhe feibel ov dhe laion hw blinked

Dher woz wuns ei laion hw oupened hiz ais tw faind himself in ei werld hwer piipel profest not tw biilliiv in British laions eni moor. "Iu ar ei fabiulus monster," dhei tould him. At dhat dhe laion lifted hiz hed . . . and everibodi stept bak. "Ai noutis," sed hii, "dhat inishiativ is stil respekted amung iu. Ai rekon ai kan underteik tw convins iu ov mai eksistens."

SPELLING REFORM MAY BE a condition of European prosperity. While rational and non-rational spellers argue this point TI help to make a powerful Britain prosperous by keeping British engineering a jump ahead of its reputation. For TI form a team of companies who specialise in such various fields as aluminium alloy products, precision tubes, bicycles, paints, fishing rods, pressure vessels and electrical appliances.

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED · THE ADELPHI · LONDON · W.C.2

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHAT books used to be in that shelf in the window where the war books are standing now? A kind of writing that has dwindled to a trickle: the literature as distinct from the journalism of travel. The barbed wire and the mantraps of politics lie across every path; the difficulty, for the Englishman, of going anywhere for any length of time unless he carries a brief case, puts on some sort of public, pudding-face and carries anxiety in his mouth—these have had their fatal effect. While the sky groans with aeroplanes carrying human bodies from one funereal conference to the next, the faculty of private travel dies out. It has always been privileged. It is felt to be immoral. By what right, which would nowadays be acknowledged, did Kinglake and Watterton cut loose, Borrow or Gorki take to the road, a D. H. Lawrence go snarling eagerly, wherever it pleased them? And perhaps it is and always has been immoral. Perhaps travel has always been the eighth deadly sin: it is linked with the lust of the eye. Immensely social activities, like war with all its mobility, and politics with all their intimacy, rarely secrete a travel literature of any lasting value, for soldiers and politicians move about with closed and busy minds, to clinch an argument and not to expose themselves to landscapes and to peoples. The natural traveller, in comparison, is an anti-social being, a man moving on for the sake of moving on; he lives within a private obsession, in the fever of a fatal passion. He has discovered what authority cannot stomach in times like ours: an alternative way of passing his life.

In the Twenties, as Mr. Christopher Sykes says in his essay on the work of Robert Byron,* the alternative became a cult. The notorious and normal English desire to escape the pressures of island life became almost violent after the first World War—what was the use of hoarded capital?—and to justify the desire, there was the emotion, felt by the educated classes in this period, that a revolutionary break with the ties of national habit and tradition had been made, and that it was our duty to see the world that was henceforth vowed to eternal peace. In this reckless but fruitful emotion the early, rootless social revolutionaries were of common stock with the rich men who abandoned the conventions of their class for the shock of new pleasures, and with the artists, whatever else divided them; and the production of gifted, erratic, pugnacious individuals, was high. Robert Byron belonged to the tail end of the period—*The Station*,† his first important book, now re-issued, was published in 1928 when he was twenty-two—but he was typical of it; and most of all in that passion for the alien and exotic, for Greece and Byzantium, which fed the indispensable attack on his own traditions. *The Station* is a remarkable book to have been written by a young man of twenty-two. It is an account of the art and architecture of Athos, the ancient island theocracy of the Orthodox priesthood: a book lyrical, learned, spirited, fiercely curious, mannered and intellectually reckless.

Against *The Station* must be placed criticisms which Byron's friend, Mr. Christopher Sykes, very fairly sets out in a preface to this new edition. They are criticisms which relate Robert Byron perspicaciously to his time, which dress his ideas down but do not, in the end, take from the boldness and freshness of the impact:

> These two faults, his pugnacity and his unreflecting optimism, destroy so much of the value of the criticism he [Robert Byron] wrote at this period, that his critical opinions are not often valid when applied to a wide field. His characterisations of Gothic architecture and the Western medieval world contain ludicrously over-big generalisations, and the contrast he draws between the West and Byzantium and denies to Latin Christendom were present in both in some degree, as were the vices which he condemns in his own world and which he believes to have been purged from that of his own beloved Christian Hellas. He shows a queer tendency in this book, and yet more in the two which followed, to abjure his own traditions, to despise the immense inestimable cultural achievement of Western Europe, and to use his delight in other great cultures as an excuse to revile his own past. His own past, be it noted, not his own present. Very typical of the Twenties . . . was this belief, which he shared so fully, that a new age hardly related to its forbears, had dawned on the world to deliver a new and final benediction to mankind. This queer faith led him into attempting impossible tasks: the discovering, if he could, and overstraining his judgment in the attempt, a relationship between that present and that past to which he felt bound by the strongest bounds of allegiance.

"What rot this boy writes!" an angry don had scribbled in the margin of my library copy of what, one is now assured, is his most discerning, as it is certainly his most satisfying and provocative book, *The Byzantine Achievement*. It was exciting rot and, as it turns out, not so rotten after all. Ruskin had been hardly less rash and intoxicating in the first volume of *Modern Painters*. And before he was killed at sea in 1941 Robert Byron had inevitably returned enriched by sin, like so many penitent iconoclasts of the Twenties, to the defence of the West—the new Missolonghi.

There were 5,000 monks in Athos in 1926 when Robert Byron landed there to begin his researches into the culture of Christian Hellas. The travellers rowed into the unrippled sea from the arsenal of the monastic port, and looked back upon a mountainous island furred by trees and shrubs which came down to the white-veined cliffs of green marble and grey. Thence, as the bays opened, they saw the fantastic monasteries, here turretted above the clear water, there standing out to sea on the promontories, inland revealing a tower above the woods; Athos on its gaunt precipices, and on its platform, Lavra, an embattled town among the salad green vines, the olive groves and the cypresses of its red earth. For a thousand years the communities had not merely survived; they had astonishingly withstood both the modern current and the female sex and, in the prolonged deliquescence of fretful bachelordom, had prospered. The colonies looked like wasps' nests on the peaks, sometimes almost Tibetan in their sky-scraping architecture—a resemblance which provoked Robert Byron to rash analogies—and preserved among the courtyards and fountains a humorous and kindly race of men with flue-brush beards who worked and traded and sometimes did a little holy smuggling. A few scholars were among them, a few who knew "the world," and some simpletons: all, one may hope, were immunised by the exercises of mysticism, against the indefatigable fleas and gorging bugs of their pallets and the horrors of the cuisine. *Ouzo* alone can reconcile the traveller to the appalling food:

> The disintegrated and nameless fish with which the meal opened; the cod that followed, salted after it had rotted in the summer sun; the macaroni embalmed in the juice of goats' udders curdled to a shrill sourness; watermelon, ghastly pink like some spongy segment of a body delved from the intestines of a dogfish; and accompanying all, like a rasping bassoon in a band of village oboes, thick resinated wine tasting of pine needles and reducing the human mouth to the texture of a cat's. The abbot continued to heap my plate. . . .

The sufferings of travel are rewarded by knowledge and ecstasies. The journeys on Athos are climbing journeys. The torture of the climb may be crowned by the terror of a drop—sheer as it seems—five thousand feet to the peacock sea below the summit of Athos, "where, reared a mile and a quarter off the globe, we might, had we wished, have put out a hand to pluck the sky, have palmed away a cup of blue." And there, at sundown, might be seen the cone-like shadow of the island moving, as an ancient traveller had seen it once before "unto Lempney, the whilk is therfra nere LXXVII myle"; while farther south:

> another transient shape, proclaimed Euboea and the satellite Sciathos, which means in Greek, "shadow of Athos." Thither in the morning the shadow stretches. Had it been the dawn we witnessed, instead of hazy sunset, we should also have seen, as all the Orthodox world knows, Constantinople, the great capital. We looked but the flat dome of St. Sophia rose only in the mind.
>
> Christ saw the town, no doubt, the old Byzantium.
>
> For the Orthodox world knows, too, that it was here the devil led him.

Robert Byron indulged the lust of the eye and the pride of life. He also indulged, in this book, a manner of writing which jolted unhappily at times between the studied, the grandiloquent and the "modernistic." It was the mark of his period and of the exuberance and fantasy of youth.

A far better book than *The Station*—unfortunately it is no longer in print—is *The Road to Oxiana*,‡ written in 1937. In eleven years, travel had become his life, the excrescences had gone from his writing, and the tedium of the eye that sees too much. He approaches in this book the classical indiscretion and aplomb of Kinglake, the same faintly insolent air of comedy; and if the curt diary form in which this book is written gives it, at first sight, an impromptu air, a second glance will show how cunningly it has been cut and arranged. This time he travelled in Persia and eventually from the Caspian through Afghanistan to Kabul. The sententiousness of youth has given place to the light commanding touch of maturity; he passes now easily, without affectation, from archaeology to life:

> Tiers of firelit mountains encircled the horizon. Night and a surf of cloud were rolling in from the east. Down in the plain, a blur of smoke, trees and houses announced Meshed, the holy city of the Shiahs. A gold dome flashed, blue dome loomed, out of the cold autumnal haze. Century by century, since the Imam Riza was interred beside the Caliph Harun-al Raschid, this vision has refreshed the desert-weary sight of pilgrims, merchants, armies, kings and travellers—to become the last hope of several dozen fretful passengers in a damaged motor bus.

And the anti-climax which his eye never missed:

> A number of cairns marked the sacred vantage. The male pilgrims descended to pray, turning their backs on Meshed in favour of Mecca. The driver descended to collect his dues, and since the husbands were engaged, perforce approached their wives. A screech of protest, rising to a furious and sustained crescendo, blasted the moment of thanksgiving.

* *Four Studies in Loyalty*. By Christopher Sykes. *Collins*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

† *The Station*. By Robert Byron. *John Lehmann*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

‡ *The Road to Oxiana*. By Robert Byron. *Macmillan*.

On prayed the pious husbands bashing their foreheads on the cairns, lacerating their stockinged feet, heaving sighs and rolling eyes to heaven, in their resolve to postpone the inevitable reckoning. Round the bus danced the driver and his assistant repulsed by the hooded harpies in their wire cage. One by one the husbands tried to dodge back to their places unseen.

The farces, the miseries, the illnesses, and the quarrels, the intrigues and the ecstasies of this journey follow one another rapidly in these lively pages. Pugnacity and arrogance go with a sensibility to what is lyrical and noble. He never misses the dramatic contrast:

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Robbers."

"But the great Riza Shah-in-Shah has destroyed all the robbers in Persia."

"Oh, has he? Last month they shot four horses under me and wounded me in the head. They would murder your Excellency for a crown."

I walked upstairs.

There was no furniture in the room. In the middle of the floor stood a tall brass lamp, casting a cold white blaze over the red carpets and bare white walls. It stood between two pewter bowls, one filled with branches of pink fruit blossom, the other with a posy of big yellow jonquils wrapped round a bunch of violets. By the jonquils sat the Governor, with his legs crossed and his hands folded in his sleeves; by the blossom his young son, whose oval face, black eyes and curving lashes were the ideal beauty of the Persian miniaturist. They had nothing to occupy them, neither book nor pen nor food nor drink. Father and son were lost in the sight and the smell of spring.

The lorry breaks its axle, the car sticks in the mud, the rivers rise, the mud walls of the rain-soaked houses fall in; in Afghanistan towns look like Irish villages; by the roadside grow scarlet tulips and the wheat is up; in Turkestan there is the smell of roses and captured bandits clank their chains in the Governor's garden. The travellers stop to watch a partridge fight; there is purple lightning on the horizon; the people come for medicines. Their diseases? The stone and syphilis of the throat. The drugged reader sits with these landscapes and people sliding sweetly through his mind, so naturally, so personally, so moodily have they been evoked.

Curiosity was the virtue of the Twenties and early Thirties, the importunate eye, a sense (delusive, no doubt) of being impervious, equipped and without debts. For the English traveller, that now extinct type, these were excellent gifts; with them he could move, idle and self-possessed, filled with knowledge and yet amateur. For a book like *The Road to Oxiana* has that touch of the amateur which has so often refreshed the masterpieces of travel, without any of that slogging amateurishness which drags the journalism of travel down. V. S. PRITCHETT

PERSONALISM

The Meaning of Human Existence. By LESLIE PAUL. *Faber.* 16*s.*

The Crisis of The Human Person. By J. B. COATES. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There is a portentousness about personalist and existentialist writings which provokes a desire, at times almost irresistible, to poke fun. When Mr. Paul tells us that it is necessary to cry halt "to existentialism or personalism if or when they seek to abolish the objective world, or to grant it at most a derisive acknowledgment," since he himself finds it necessary to accept the objective world, the appropriate reply seems to be, "By God, he'd better." When Kierkegaard concludes that there is a spiritual dualism in the universe, seeing that there is, after all, a qualitative difference between God and himself "in the sense that I am I and God is God," one finds it hard to resist the temptation of congratulating him on his superiority in modesty to Fichte who abruptly announced "the universe is myself." Similarly, the title of Mr. Paul's book provokes the almost inevitable comment "and very cheap at the price, if he could only tell us."

This attitude, though understandable—for personalist writing is all too often as pompous as it is obscure—must be resisted. For Personalism is in the air and it would be helpful if out of its nebulous vapourings, one could precipitate a deposit of seizable sense and sizable doctrine.

I begin with a definition from Mr. Coates, who is summarising Mounier: "the person" is "an entity characterised by a certain independence and a capacity for re-creation of itself by adhesion to a hierarchy of values which it has surely adopted, assimilated and lived by its own responsible activity and by a constant interior development. The distinguishing characteristic of the person is a capacity for unifying itself in liberty." I hope this conveys something to the reader; it is typical of the manner of personalist writing.

Personalism has both a critical and a constructive side. On the critical side, it protests in the interests of the individual person against Marxism, the mechanisation of life and the insect State. Much of this criticism follows familiar lines. Mr. Paul, for example, dwells in his introduction on the extent of the abandonment by the twentieth century of the nineteenth-century belief that "the universe was travelling in a direction which men could morally approve and carrying him joyfully with it." Whereas, in the nineteenth century atheism was a defiant, almost a triumphant creed, man bloody but unbowed vaunting himself over a mindless universe, to-day "the atheistic man is the existential man—it is the haunted angry creature of Jean-Paul Sartre, a wraith surrounded by the void and 'forsaken by God.'" In short, the Renaissance man's "idea of himself" has broken down. All the tendencies of our time combine to abase man and subjugate him to non-human things of his own making, to the State, for example, to the machine and to economic circumstance.

In opposition to these tendencies, Personalism emphasises the integrity, the reality and creativity of the human person while pointing out that the human person is not the whole human being. The human being is twofold being constituted both of spirit, which is the essence of the person, a "free, creative, loving and integrating activity"—I am quoting Mr. Coates—and also of "that aspect of man's being which is determined by physical and mental laws, which is subject to material necessity and social control as well as being dominated by the instincts." Between these two there is constant conflict. Some personalist writers regard the objective world of nature and, therefore, presumably, natural man himself, as only a creation or objectification of the spirit which is the human person. According to Berdyaev, art, reason and law are only the frames or categories through which the spirit "apprehends reality." Society, too, is an objectification of the person; it is that by means of which persons communicate. Hence, the peculiar mistake of our times is declared to be the subjugation of the creator to the creature, that is to say, of man to society. Mr. Paul puts this point clearly:

> Quite soon, when one has decided that man is a social animal, then the social relations and institutions which man has established appear to have produced him. He belongs to them not they to him. And before long he is subordinated to them in fact; the objectifications have obtained mastery over him.

In the interests of the person, Mr. Paul brings effective criticism against the fashionable doctrine of Positivism as illustrated, for example, by the recent work of Bertrand Russell. Russell analyses the self into a bundle of perceptions. For him, there is no substantially existing self, no person. Russell is also a liberal and a lover of freedom who has sought to champion the

An indispensable book for all who wish to understand the position of India at this turning point:

INDIA

by

C. H. PHILIPS

M.A., PH.D., F.R.HIST.S.
Professor of Oriental History in the University of London

This book sets out to explain the present situation against its historical background. The main lines of India's development, in particular the establishment, extension and gradual relinquishment of British power, are stated and earlier times touched on to identify the living political legacies of Hindu and Muslim India.
Confusion of thought on all sides in achieving the delicate substitution of popular for despotic rule is shown to have grave consequences for India's political and economic future.

With 6 maps. 7/6

HUTCHINSON'S
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

JUST PUBLISHED

The final volume of the

White House Papers

of

Harry L. Hopkins

An intimate history by

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THE FINAL VOLUME of the White House Papers covers the vital years from January, 1942, to July, 1945, and reveals for the first time the inside story of the decisive events of the second half of the war.

"A book which ranks in historical importance with Mr. Churchill's war memoirs . . . a unique private collection of documents."

R. BRUCE LOCKHART (S. Times)

486 pp. 25/- net

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Comparative Education

A Study of Educational Factors and Traditions
by NICHOLAS HANS

Part I Natural Factors
Part II Religious Factors
Part III Secular Factors
Part IV Education in Four Democracies

21*s. net.*

Practical Ethics

by MARY STURT, M.A.
and
MARGARET HOBLING, M.A.

In this book two authors, one a psychologist and the other a theologian, try to see how psychology can be applied to the problems of making men virtuous. 18*s. net.*

English Pottery & Porcelain

The English Ceramic Circle's Exhibition Catalogue 1948.
With a Foreword by
BERNARD RACKHAM

With 120 plates in monochrome illustrating about 550 specimens and three plates in colour. Edition limited to 1000 numbered copies of which Nos. 7-1000 are for sale.

£6.6.0. *net.*

ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL

Just Published

A first novel that made its French author famous in France.

Doussia Ergaz
THE FAVOURS OF HEAVEN

"The elegance and humanity of this novel, the sustained tension and the admirably conceived climax . . ." Pamela Hansford Johnston in *Tribune*.

"Never far from tears or laughter, filled with pathos and wit . . . ."
—*The Times Literary Supplement.*

10s. 6d.

April 28th

André Gide
FRUITS OF THE EARTH

The first English translation (by Dorothy Bussy) of the famous NOURRITURES TERRESTRES, also including LES NOUVELLES NOURRITURES.

9s. 6d.

L. E. Jones
BEYOND BELIEF

What is wrong with the Churches and right with Christianity. By the author of THE BISHOP AND THE COBBLER.

5s.

SECKER & WARBURG

individual against the encroachments of the State. But for what, as Mr. Paul pertinently asks, is freedom claimed? A bundle of perceptions? If Russell's Positivist analysis of the self is to be sustained, there is no individual. For what, then, is it that Russell so valiantly stands up against the State?

On its positive side Personalism is less satisfactory. The universe, like man's nature, is divided into two parts. There is the objective world of natural phenomena, conditioned, caused and determined, and there is the spiritual world of "subjective inwardness," creative and free. While the latter world is real the former assumes a somewhat equivocal status, midway between reality and non-reality. About it we can apparently say very little, except that it is in some sense a creation or objectification of the Person. What we can do is to insist on the inalienable reality of the personal and the spiritual. This is how Mr. Paul does it. "Man exists as spirit, as ego, as identity, as person. A man exists in his '*I*'-*ness*. But his '*I*'-*ness* is not alone, it has relation to many *Thous*, and it has relation to his own earthly creatureliness, to his corporeal humanity." This quotation illustrates the fundamental difficulty which besets the expositors of Personalism. For Personalism there are only two realities, the human person and God. Yet it is precluded from saying anything about them. The personalist can affirm the unique existence of the person; he can speak of the "inwardness of man" and of man's "own invisible spirituality." But, as Kierkegaard very appropriately points out, what is real and immediate in man really *is* invisible. To put it more technically, if you define the person as the *subject* of experience, then you cannot turn the person into an "object" without falsifying the person. Yet how to consider the Person, let alone to describe him, *without* turning him into object?

And so, though you may permit yourself to say with Mr. Paul that the person is characterised by acts of will and choice, you cannot say what it is that he wills or chooses. Similarly with God. God apparently is experienced by the Person. "Knowledge of God is in inward experience. Once it has taken place there can no longer be any problem of 'whether it is so or not.' It is so!"

Quite so! But one cannot, it is obvious, communicate such an experience to another person who has not shared it in some degree, however slight. You cannot, therefore, prove the existence of God; you cannot, even, adduce arguments in favour of His existence; in fact, you cannot say anything about Him, for God is reality and the categories in which we seek to describe things, being but the framework of our own manufacture, cannot but falsify reality. Thus, the logical outcome of Personalism is the same as that of mysticism, namely, silence. As Dr. Johnson says somewhere, if Mr. — has experienced the unutterable, Mr. — will do well not to try to utter it.

Unfortunately we live in a communicating and proselytizing age and must seek converts even at the cost of logic. Both Mr. Coates and Mr. Paul write very well, though wordily, and can be congratulated on their attempts to make the unutterable readable.

C. E. M. JOAD

NEW NOVELS

World Without Visa. By JEAN MALAQUAIS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Artist Among the Missing. By OLIVIA MANNING. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
The Death of the Nightingale. By BETTY MILLER. *Hale.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Stands My House. By HILTON BROWN. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

World Without Visa appears with a flourish of rave-notices on the dust-jacket, and it is perhaps natural that rave-notices should be a little incoherent. "Let's simply congratulate ourselves," says a M. Pierre Lesdair, "on living in an epoch when men like M. Malaqua is write" (*sic*). The particular phase of the epoch about which M. Malaqua is write on this occasion is that of the occupation of France. The book is set mainly in Marseilles and Paris, and the characters include members of the Resistance, Vichyites big and small, policemen, refugees, and hangers-on. They are involved in sabotage, underground newspapers, arrests, torture, waiting for visas, political discussion, and sex. M. Malaquais deals with this material with a mixture of masterful familiarity and fruity showmanship, rather as though it were a performing elephant. Unfortunately the great beast is not fully responsive; it lumbers about, hooting miserably, and putting its feet through things. The heroism of M. Malaquais' Resistance men does not move us, the plight of his refugees does not touch us, and the brutality of his policemen does not appal us, because they are portrayed with the facile clumsiness of a writer who is out to exploit our emotions. Perhaps the most unfortunate effect of this kind of exploitation is its secondary effect. It makes a dust bowl of its subject, and spoils the ground for other people. Heroism becomes blatant, intelligent political discussion pretentious, refugees boring, not only when M. Malaquais is writing about them, but also in the hands of other people, just as, in a dust bowl, *all* the crops turn into miserable little weeds. And so the "big" subjects are left to pretentious writers, while the others move off to cultivate land which is so naturally infertile that it won't grow anything anyway.

An attempt upon a "big" subject which is made with intelligent humility has accordingly a good claim upon our attention. Miss Olivia Manning's subject is the relationship between the artist and society. The artist is Geoffrey Lynd, a painter who, before the war, was painting in Greece, was happily married, was, in short, *dans le vrai*. When we meet him he is a staff officer in Cairo, he can't paint, and his marriage is disturbed by the fact that his wife is, in the scale of war values, more "useful" than he is. He is painfully dispensable, and has, in fact, been dispensed with to take a party of refugees to Jerusalem. That is only the beginning. He can't get back to Cairo; he is marooned, useless and *cafard*-ridden, in Jerusalem. He becomes friendly with Lister, another Major, who has been brought into a ripe condition of amiable disillusionment by pre-war years of moneyed lounging around the Mediterranean. An expedition with him to Petra provides the precipitating factor in Geoffrey's neurosis through an encounter with a mad dog.

This is a well-conceived and well-written novel, presenting with a brilliant particularity in the context of the war in the Middle East a situation which has universal implications. The artist is *dans le vrai*, and society does its best to get him out of it. The war, of course, is merely a phase, a good opportunity. To have brought this book off successfully, to have put forward Geoffrey's situation with all its potential drama, Miss Manning would have had to present him, in the first instance, as being in fact *dans le vrai*. But this she does not do; we are asked to accept it on the basis of a few indications. That is not good enough; we cannot accept Geoffrey's being missing as a really serious matter unless we have a sense of the place from which he is missing, the place to which the soldiers and officials have never been, and to which we, as readers, cannot be supposed to have independent access. We should like, too, to have seen our man putting up a bit of a fight, even if he is hopelessly overmatched.

With the two following books we turn to personal relations; both deal with the emergence in the present of the results of violent events which have occurred in the past. M. Malaquais, one feels, would be puzzled to know why one should write about such subjects.

"Does it matter, Chèr Maître, if your fiancée's father has shot your own father?"

"Not in the least. Where did you get that idea?"

"Ireland, Chèr Maître. Then *a fortiori* it doesn't matter if your fiancee's great uncle has shot your grandfather?"

"Scotland, I suppose?"

"Yes, Chèr Maître."

"The contemporary predicament seems to take odd forms in these violent peripheral countries."

Professor Cain, in the first paragraph of *The Death of the Nightingale*, is settling down to write in the protective enclosure of his study, and although this is a fine day, he turns on the electric light. Mrs. Miller thus creates an atmosphere for him, and the whole book partakes of it. This is clearly done by design, and the design is successful in imparting a unity of artificial lighting and a shut-off, sinister quality to the action. The violence in this case has occurred in Ireland in 1920. Cain has been mixed up in it, and the consequences are being worked out in the second generation, and particularly in the love affair of his daughter Léonie and Matthew O'Farrell, a young Irishman whom Léonie has met (perhaps a little too coincidently) during the war. The atmosphere of Cain's cold deliberate misanthropy is well done, but the light which it generates takes the colour out of Léonie, who consequently lacks vitality. This deliberately artificial lighting also has the effect of making the drama in Ireland not quite real, and one wishes it could have been played in the common light of day. But only the minor characters—the girl Anita and Ashe-Robertson—are allowed to escape from the glare and behave naturally off the set. The sketch of Ashe-Robertson, the ex-Wing Commander, has a quality which makes one hope that the author will explore her talent for restrained and apparently casual documentary.

Mr. Brown writes in an uninhibited, business-like, slightly fatigued manner, like someone going confidently through a best-seller routine. German soldiers are firing a V1; it goes off successfully. What do they say? "*Gott sei dank*," of course. A Civil Defence worker at the other end comments in painstaking cockney; Ruallyn Glendinning, a young Conservative M.P., addresses his mother with the words, "My-dear-Mother." And this, we find, is what *he* always says. It's the way you know it's Ruallyn who's speaking, and, of course, you do know. The Glendinnings' house in Kensington has been hit. They go to Romie, a house in Scotland which they have inherited, and with which they have hardly any personal connection. But they are a bit involved around Romie all the same; there are stories, old feuds, old (but active) hatreds. Bastard cousins are as plentiful as midges in August. The story moves about, with an off-hand confidence, from 1944 to 1914, 1908, 1839, through farms, pubs, grouse moors, London restaurants. Occasionally one suspects irony—the Edwardian bride, who (on the appropriate occasions) always felt "a little raped." I should, however, like to recommend, to those who care for it, the best thing in the book, some Scotch narrative and dialogue with a highly authentic and subtle flavour.

J. D. SCOTT

THE ROYAL SOCIETY

Scientists and Amateurs. By DOROTHY STIMSON. *Sigma Books.* 15*s.*

Miss Stimson has given us a valuable book, fascinating in its detail and presented with an engaging modesty: an American, she is to be congratulated on having done what some English writer should surely have done before her, on having written the first authoritative history of the Royal Society from its origins in what Robert Boyle called "The Invisible College," which began to meet in 1645, and in the related group of scholars centred at Wadham College a few years later, to the present day. The mass of material to be sifted is, of course, enormous, and Miss Stimson has, rightly, concentrated on the formative years rather than attempted to cover the developments of the past century in anything like detail. Her special field of study is apparently the history of science in seventeenth-century England, and here she is particularly good. Her theme is implicit in the title, the struggle between the amateurs (the mob of gentlemen who experimented with ease or did not experiment at all), and the scientists proper for the control of what was to become the most important scientific society in the world. In the early years, of course, the struggle did not exist. Indeed, it was scarcely possible to make any distinction between scientists and amateurs. All, even the greatest, were amateurs; Newton's interests were as much theological as physical, and, as Miss Stimson reminds us, Wren's included the structure of fishes, the anatomy of the nerves, optics and experimental physiology—he seems to have been the first man to have demonstrated the possibility of blood-transfusion—no less than architecture and town planning. Specialisation had not yet begun, and in its first years the Society was a gathering, not of scientists as we think of them to-day, but rather of the intellectually curious. It numbered among its members not only such men as Newton and Boyle, but also a considerable section of the bench of bishops and —we would probably call them dilettanti to-day —inquiring minds like Evelyn, Pepys and Aubrey. In fact, in the days of the Society's foundation, to be intellectually curious was tantamount to being a scientist, and it was this intellectual curiosity, whether it manifested itself in the formulation of Boyle's Law or in Bishop Wilkin's experiment to show "how any man may blow up the greatest oak with his breath," which aroused the laughter of satirists from Shadwell to Addison and Swift. This intellectual curiosity functioned at many levels; it characterised the careful field observations of navigators like Dampier and the quite unscientific speculations of Sir Thomas Browne. To the ordinary man, if a ballad of the time that Miss Stimson has unearthed is any evidence, the activities of the first Fellows were both marvellous and comic. Thus is described Boyle's experiments:

> To the Danish Agent late was showne
> That where noe Ayre is, there's noe breath.
> A glasse this secret did make knowne
> Where(in) a Catt was put to death.
> Out of the glasse the Ayre being screwed
> Pusse dyed and ne'er so much as mewed.

The significance of the Society lay in the fact that for the first time the intellectual curiosity that characterised the age was organised and its findings correlated.

Miss Stimson's account of the Society during the first thirty or so years of its existence is absorbing in the vividness of its detail. With the eighteenth century, however, an impoverishment of material sets in. She focuses her attention on the history of the administration of the Society and the struggle between amateurs and scientists, the gentlemen and players, for its control, a struggle which lasted until well into the nineteenth century. And here the book is scarcely adequate. Perhaps Miss Stimson felt it necessary to over-simplify the cross-currents of English eighteenth-century life for her American readers; certainly her comments tend to be jejune. Writing in 1836, Granville, a dissident Fellow, described the Society as "a mere club-like association of highly respectable, well-educated and very honourable men, with every kind and no kind of scientific knowledge." So it had been throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century. The main streams of scientific thought were flowing through other channels. The reasons Miss Stimson adduces for this are insufficient. It is true that the natural sciences scarcely found a place in the universities, and that if you wanted a scientific education it was to the Nonconformist schools like the Warrington Academy that you had to go; but this is by no means the whole story. The impulse behind seventeenth-century science had come mainly from problems relating to navigation. The impulse behind eighteenth-century science came from problems arising out of the industrial revolution which it was producing, particularly out of coal-mining, weaving and metal-working. Inevitably, this meant a shift in the locale of research from London and the South to the Midlands and the North. So the charac-

JOHN STEINBECK

JOHN STEINBECK, accompanied by the famous photographer Robert Capa, went to see for himself what is happening in Russia. Particularly he shows us how the ordinary men and women are faring—how they are working, eating, living.
An illuminating document of first-hand evidence. 69 *illustrations.* *Just published.* 21s.

A RUSSIAN JOURNAL

HEINEMANN

Cassell

ready April 26

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE

a magnificent novel by

R. C. HUTCHINSON

"If Mr. Hutchinson is as great a writer as he sometimes seems to be, he is among the very greatest names in English literature."—SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

"His work should be judged as literature."—J. D. BERESFORD.

"The best male novelist his generation has produced in England."—COMPTON MACKENZIE.

"One of the two English novelists certain to survive."—C. DAY LEWIS.

This brilliant new novel carries R. C. Hutchinson to a new peak in his literary career, following *Testament*, *Shining Scabbard*, *The Answering Glory*. 704 *pp.* *Large Crown 8vo.* 15/- net.

just published

TWO SYMPHONIES

ANDRÉ GIDE

A standard, uniform edition of the works of André Gide is being published severally by Cassell and Secker & Warburg. This first volume published by Cassell contains two short novels, *Isabelle* and *Pastoral Symphony*. 7/6 net.

The Broadcast Bridge Book

DESIGN FOR BIDDING

S. J. SIMON

This is the late S. J. Simon's last and most important book on bridge and was recently featured by Terence Reese in his weekly bridge broadcast. 8s. 6d. net

The New Democracy Series

FULL ENJOYMENT

NORMAN CROSBY

The latest addition to the *New Democracy Series* takes for its theme the importance of the constructive use of leisure in the building of character and in strengthening the roots of democratic society. Fully illustrated with photographs and isotypes. 6s. net

NICHOLSON & WATSON LTD

LASCAUX

A COMMENTARY

ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK

During the early part of the war a French boy stumbled upon one of the major discoveries of modern times: the cave paintings at Lascaux, which may prove to be the earliest manifestations of art. Here is the first authoritative account in English of this fabulous treasure cave. Mr. Brodrick, well-known as a writer on pre-history, takes us through the cave on a tour of discovery, which is illuminated by 48 magnificent plates of the paintings, taken from photographs by the distinguished French photographer, Maurice Thaon.

Coming Early May

Colour Frontispiece *15s.*

LINDSAY DRUMMOND

teristic centres of eighteenth-century scientific activity are Glasgow, whose university certainly did not neglect scientific teaching and research, and Birmingham, with its famous Lunar Society. Some of its members, Erasmus Darwin and his younger friends Thomas Day, of *Sandford and Merton* fame, and Richard Lovell Edgeworth, father of Maria, were amateurs; men like Priestley, Watt, Boulton and Keir were decidedly not. Their researches bore a direct relation to current industrial problems. Miss Stimson dismisses the Lunar Society in a short paragraph. She is not to be blamed for this: the history of science in eighteenth-century England is still for the most part lamentably uncharted; outside a few pages in Professor Hogben's *Science for the Citizen*, it is not easy to find a considered estimate of the importance and achievement of the Lunar Society and similar provincial groups. Until such history is written, it will be difficult to see the Royal Society of that time in perspective. For these provincial groups were not antagonistic to the Royal Society; most of the "learned Lunatics" of Birmingham were Fellows, and at the turn of the century there were no less than five Fellows employed at the Boulton and Watt foundry in Birmingham. To the working scientist election to it mattered immensely. But its control was still largely in the hands of gentlemen far removed from the scenes of the most vital discoveries of the age. How, after a series of administrative changes in the first half of the nineteenth century, the working scientists themselves took over Miss Stimson lucidly describes.

WALTER ALLEN

RUSSIAN POETRY

A Second Book of Russian Verse. Edited by C. M. BOWRA. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This book has a more deliberate purpose than its predecessor: to fill in the gaps in our knowledge of Russian poetry. For this there was no store of translations by various hands amassed over a number of years. Two periods had to be explored, the age of Pushkin, whose minor contemporaries were copiously reprinted in the middle Thirties after long neglect, and the generation of 1917. Lacking for the most part capable collaborators, Professor Bowra has undertaken the bulk of the task himself, and in the first part of the book achieved some delightful successes. The golden age of Russian poetry lends itself to English translation; the tone is restrained and smooth, the lode not too heavily charged with ore; and Frances Cornford's "When the last great and solemn act was played," Sir Cecil Kisch's "Monastery on Kasbek," the late Oliver Elton's "A Prologue," and Professor Bowra's own "The Caucasus," show just how well Pushkin's lyrics can be rendered without any departure from the text, and in metres close to those of the originals.

Of Pushkin's contemporaries one may say that none rises above the stature of our own Tom Moore or Hartley Coleridge, except, of course, Lermontov, represented here only by Frances Cornford's version of "Borodino"—a poem on the level with Thomas Campbell's "Hohenlinden"—and Tyutchev, here under-represented too: for in his best poems he anticipated Blok in the delineation of landscapes heavy with threat of doom.

Blok himself comes off badly, his unobtrusive rhymes sticking out in English like the bones of a boiling fowl; in translation he appears merely melodramatic, whereas in the original the poems are rich with the apocalyptic significances of a Strindberg. Professor Bowra's version of "The Twelve" is a brave attempt, and something of the rhythms and urgency of the original is brought over, but his choice of English colloquialism veers uncertainly between "Well, well be a tart" and "In my breast leaps up my heart." We have not had a poetic idiom close enough to common speech to bring this off since Robert Burns. I am grateful that no one has attempted the pure magic of Blok's "On the Field of Kulikovo"; it is richer in overtones than any other modern poem.

But the 1917 generation presents a different problem. Their poetry is tight packed with imagery calculated to surprise with all the garish brilliance of a firework display. In the translation, however, each separate squib seems to explode in the reader's face and blind him to the pattern of the set-piece; the unity of the poem, which in the original is one of mood and sound, is destroyed.

Here is Professor Bowra at grips with Pasternak's "Spasskoye":

The wood is melancholy. What it needs is quiet
Under the snow in bear dens' unawaking sleep.
And there among the boles inside the blackened fences
Jaws of the columned park, like a long death-list, gape.

The birchwood has not ceased to blot and lose its colour,
To thin its watery shadows and grow sparse and dim.
He is still mumbling,—you're fifteen years old again now,
And now again, my child, what shall we do with them?

With the original in front of us we can stand back and applaud. Everything that is in the Russian is here packed in; the metre is correct and there are half the number of rhymes. The obscurities—who is "he"? to whom does "them" refer?—are as faithfully obscure as in Pasternak's poem; the technique that we learnt in writing our Latin verses at school stands us in good stead with these Russians. Yet only the eccentricities come over: the poem, far fetched but calling up a recognisable landscape, has escaped. Pasternak's method is to select his image at a second remove. "Jaws of the columned park" suggest a comparison of the felled stumps with teeth; the columns may be trees still standing: the whole is a visual image which has undergone too great a transformation to be identifiable, yet which remains evocative. One respects Professor Bowra's conscience; he may alter the stress of a line to find his rhyme, he may pad, but no difficulty balks him. Pasternak will find no better translator.

In a time when our own poetic tradition is wearing thin and when our authentic poetry is increasingly esoteric, it is natural that we should look abroad for a fertilising strain to graft on our own. From the end of the 19th century the French supplied that strain; since then we have found our poets looking further afield for striking imagery and new models. Rilke, Lorca, Alberti, Neruda and the Greeks, Cavafy and Seferis, all have been made to contribute. Some young poet next year may rig out the pathetic fallacy afresh with visual effects after Pasternak, or exploit the pastoral conventions again with oafish naivety modelled on Esenin, but the copying of foreign mannerisms will not enrich a waning tradition, and little but the mannerisms come through in these translations.

The generations of 1917 has left no traces on contemporary Russian poetry. Neither Pasternak nor Tikhonov has produced more than a handful of poems in the last twenty years, and both have met with discouragement—and worse—from a ruling caste which dislikes their individualism. The last eight poems in the book are examples of that pleasantly innocuous art form "Soviet Poetry," magazine verse occasionally relieved from banality by echoes of folk song. Russia has successfully cut herself off from the corruption of the European tradition, and it is the rejected Tikhonov who justifies her (in Professor Bowra's rendering) for his own generation:

With us untruth partook of food and drink,
Bells rang their changes in the usual manner,
Coins lost their weight and lost their ringing sound,
And children were not startled by dead bodies.
And in that time we were the first to learn
To use words bitter, beautiful and cruel.

But the words of contemporary Russian poets are neither bitter, beautiful nor cruel; they veer between the strident and the mawkish.

J. M. COHEN

TWO AMERICANS

Henry David Thoreau. By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. American Men of Letters Series. *Methuen.* 15s.

Sailor on Horseback. The Story of Jack London. By IRVING STONE. *The Bodley Head.* 10s. 6d.

Thoreau and Jack London, when I first came across them, were neighbours on the shelf. It is not the library shelf I'm thinking of, naturally, but the little collections made by workingmen who were just beginning to think—book-kits, you might call them. The few volumes lay on the top of the kitchen dresser under the discarded work-collar or the half-darned sock; they stood by the stove in the trailer-caravan where the travelling steam-roller-driver lived; they went to Yokohama and back in a forecastle bunk; they were hidden from the kids sometimes in the cupboard under the stairs; they were kept for Sunday reading among the screws and shavings of the allotment shed. Now when you think of it, not so many writers get into these places, and those that do are kin. Not similars, no, but kin.

Thoreau got there with *Walden*. *Walden* asks all the questions that begin to nag the poor man whenever he comes to a heightened awareness of his circumstances. How shall he who is bound to a wheel of dull, recurrent work, whose home is crowded, and whose relatives and friends are solidly anti-intellectual, ever find enough peace in which to read and think? If you are not very familiar with writers, it strikes you on first contact that so many of them assume in their readers the possession of a leisure and an educational equipment similar to their own. This is discouraging. Thoreau, now, was apt to think that few people had any leisure at all, and *Walden* showed them how to get it. His solution was a poor man's solution, and he tried it himself—both recommendations. Of course, it couldn't really work for other men in other places, but reading of it temporarily parried the nagging question and had the effect of introducing a kind of mitigated and compromised Waldenism into the odd working-class home. The industrial areas of Britain do not abound in unoccupied ponds but you might get a back bedroom to yourself after a battle with the old lady. Thoreau ignored marriage, and you couldn't. But you put it off so much longer than your father did that the folks around began to think you queer. Still—"They'll get you in the end, lad," everybody told you, and they did. Yet for a period the dream of Walden lived curiously in back bedrooms and was responsible for some quaint exercises in abstinence which even the much-sparing Thoreau would have been unlikely to tackle. Then that specially nice girl brought you to a dream more compelling than anything that came out of Concord, and you slipped easily into the "life of quiet desperation" your author so accurately described as the common lot of mankind.

In other social strata, people were chiefly interested in Thoreau's ability to commune with Nature. They got their Walden, a cottage in the country; they took the prescribed walks (on weekends, at least); and they wanted a clue to the intense experiences they felt they ought to have. Not only Thoreau but Jefferies, Hudson, Edward Thomas all promised these. To-day, however, the back-to-nature townsman insists that he is a practical farmer, and the old prophets are just so many John the Baptists to Adrian Bell, Street, and the War Aggs—Beverley Nichols having played Salome with their heads.

Whatever Thoreau's influence may have diminished to now, he is obviously a "must" in a new venture, the American Men of Letters series. And he gets very adequate treatment in this scholarly volume. Perhaps it is a little cool and never-to-be-fired by the opinions of its subject, who accordingly appears somewhat glass-cased in it; but it gives a very fair picture of the man and a full survey of his work. The man—well, there is not all that much to add to the quintessential autobiography of *Walden* unless you go in for the Freudian or Marxian horrifics, which far be it from me, says Mr. Krutch, being wise in that. The little is worth having, though. He is quite an acquaintance for the imagination to entertain, this big-nosed, self-contained, unapproachable, really quiet man, who paced his chosen province in a patent top-hat invented by himself, in which gathered flowers kept marvellously fresh; a queer fish who slipped from the grasp of his friends' minds and eluded the expectations they had of him probably because he was intent on living in a physical apprehension of non-human activity quick as that of D. H. Lawrence, but gained without any agonising into and out of sex; a man who could be still better than most, and since he often was, counted himself happy. Even with the certainty of an early death approaching him, he insisted that he was happy. This biography helps us to believe it.

Now Jack London was never still, except when writing, and one couldn't call a man who committed suicide at the age of forty, happy. It is easy to see how he got into those odd book-kits. He was a working-man himself, who had kicked over the traces of toil most spectacularly, without ever ratting on his mates. You had to read Jack London, man. Good lord, he hit the world of books with the streak and crash of a Siberian meteor and set whole paper-mills on fire. He was a best-seller from the moment a publisher said go, and go he went, pell-mell, and mush, you malemutes, mush! Fifty books in sixteen years by Gar, it was Burning Daylight writing with the roof no limit. But, mind you, this was a best-seller who would follow a smash-hit adventure yarn with a book of essays on Socialism or a study of the East End poor, and best-sell those. He might even be really good.

First, they said he was the American Kipling, the nearest they could get, though Kipling is a saloon passenger and Jack belongs below. He used his vivid narrative power to describe the perpetual fighting in a man's world, and knew that the Darwinian and Marxian creeds which alternately swayed him were part of it. He put them in the stories. Naturally, it was the more heightened moments in the social struggle he chose to write about, because they were such good stories, but he could document them from a first-hand knowledge of the worker's life which not many writers have. He preached Socialism, and he could forecast Fascism because he had seen the kid-gloves come off in many a battle and knew that they always will at some point or other. You could trust a man like that, so felt all his readers who had themselves taken a bash in one of the current industrial dog-fights.

They were mainly his non-literary readers, of course. As a man of letters, he disappoints. To people who cared rather more for writing, it seemed that he did not show the same integrity as a writer that he had as a man. His women are impossible, to begin with. The advent of any she to a London story at once glues up the prose, a sentimentality like that in the softer parts of Disney puts inappropriate rainbows over the scene. His men are better observed, often, though, rather as they might have wanted to be seen, and they move in a real environment. His animals are always good. But the thing one remembers best is the magnificent rush of the narrative, its power to carry description and to make ideas stand up and fight. That's fine—why wasn't it all much better?

A biography should help us here, and I think this one does, though it, too, might have been better. It isn't very inspired, well-written or painstaking, and I'm afraid one would only want to read it for the inherent interest of the story. That is considerable. London lived at a tremendous pace from the start: he was the Boy Oyster Pirate, the Boy Drunkard (San Francisco water-front expected he'd die of drink before he was sixteen), the Boy Hobo, Klondyker, Sealer, Boy Socialist, and finally the Boy Story-teller. Each of these romantic reputations was the result of serious efforts to answer Thoreau's problem of how to escape from the life of quiet desperation, which, in Jack's case, took the form of a dollar a day in the laundry or factory sweat-

Just Published by
PHAIDON

TINTORETTO
by HANS TIETZE
104 pages Text. 300 Reproductions. Three Colour Plates. Two Folding Plates.
Price: 25s.
FIRST COMPLETE EDITION
of this greatest European painter of the period of the Counter-Reformation
THE PHAIDON PRESS
1 CROMWELL PLACE, LONDON, S.W.7

MIGNON G. EBERHART
Five of My Best
Deadly is the Diamond
Bermuda Grapevine
Murder Goes to Market
Strangers in Flight
Express to Danger
Five outstanding unabridged novels of murder and intrigue written by a masterhand at detection. These are **new** novels, not reprints.
9s. 6d. net
HAMMOND HAMMOND

Drawn and Quartered
By RICHARD WINNINGTON
"For those interested in the production and appreciation of films, the publication of this book is a stimulating and inspiring event."—*Our Time.*
"His contempt for the machine-made and jerry-built can be devastating, but no number of disappointments can shake his faith in, and devotion for, the film."
—*Times Literary Supplement.*
"Buy the book."—*Tribune.*
12/6 net
SATURN PRESS,
10, FRIAR STREET, CARTER LANE, E.C.4.

MODERN POETRY AND THE TRADITION
—CLEANTH BROOKS
'. . . a great help . . . original and interesting.' *The Observer*
THE IMPRISONED SEA
—JAMES REEVES
'. . . The most finished poet here is Mr. Reeves . . .' *New Statesman & Nation*
POEMS
—DAVID WRIGHT
This young South African poet has attracted considerable interest.
PL
EDITIONS POETRY LONDON

THE *Nation*

among people of influence
America's most influential weekly

YOU, WHO REALISE HOW IMPORTANT is the link between progressive people in England and America, must often wonder what your opposite number in the States is thinking and doing about the problems that confront the English speaking world

★

FOR OVER EIGHTY YEARS THE NATION which might be described as the American equivalent of the *New Statesman* has held its lead as the U.S.A. champion of democratic thought, and new English readers are often exhilarated to find how much agreement there is on basic issues between enlightened people on both sides of the Atlantic

★

IN ADDITION TO THE AUTHORITATIVE readable behind-the-facts reports on world affairs from leading figures all over the world, THE NATION also gives you reviews of books, plays, cinema, art and music, etc

★

WE CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO JOIN our list of British readers. Send your subscription to 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1, marking the envelope "Nation" and you will receive the journal regularly, post free. Subscription rates are 35/- for 52 weekly issues or 20/- for six months

Bookshops of Distinction

WITH fine stocks of the best current and standard publications, including a unique range of technical works. You are assured of a cordial welcome, with complete freedom to browse at leisure, and a prompt and efficient postal service.

We can supply any book mentioned in this journal.

'BOOKS & CAREERS'

39, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1. (GRO. 4781)
and 84, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. (VIC. 2738)
(Incorporating the KEN bookshop.)

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

One of to-day's Problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree: not merely for the material post-war advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations: Matriculation (or if you are over 23 the shorter Special Entrance) Intermediate and Final; you may study for these at home and in your own time wherever you are.

Wolsey Hall Postal Courses for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of 90 University Graduates. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course.

Write for PROSPECTUS (saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology) to C.D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. VH24.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

shops. The successive avatars all failed of their object until his literary success left the dollar-a-day standard long sunk in his wake. But notice that in all of them, even the latest, when he'd ceased to be a boy in years, it was this boyishness that continued to impress people. Not that he was a Peter Pan, mind you. No, this was the kind of boy you meet in Marryat, the youngest member of the crew but quite a member, nevertheless. Jack London at his most typical looked on his man's world from the point of view of a stripling just coming into it, belonging to it, and thrilled by what he thought was its supreme virtue: to be a man's man. That's why his heroes really are heroic.

In Mr. Stone's account, he is shown living like one of them. He was a Klondyke millionaire hitting it up. When he drank, the drinks were on him the whole night long, and he out-drank them all; if he played poker, his guests' I.O.U.s were redeemed later by their host; his holiday was to sail an unseaworthy boat clean across the Pacific, learning to navigate as he went; his ranch was open house, and any who called there could have well-paid work on one of his vast schemes of land-reclamation. He poured out dollars in thousands with both hands, and wrote millions of words to pay for the perpetual party. There is no literary life like it. (Dumas with his château, his bowl of gold coins for needy friends, and his fantastic expedition to the Neapolitan war, is perhaps the nearest thing.) Always he kept up his desk-discipline of a thousand words a day and was for ever hugely in debt to his publishers, while away from work he strove to be the deepest drinker, completest gambler, most warm-hearted friend, toughest adventurer. Surely in life, too, what moved him most was that generous admiration which the boy just entering upon man's estate feels for the big fellows. He played the game their way, and when all the chips were staked and he felt he'd lost, he put an end to his life.

Well, both these writers are men we must be glad to know more about. It isn't likely that their biographies will get as far as the council house and the conscript camp, in which the generation succeeding my own is no doubt busy pondering the old questions, but Walden and the Jack London tales may. If so, that's good. For somewhere in the apprehensions which moved these writers to experiment and expression is announced the coming of a life of complete social sanity, which they themselves could not have since it must be generally lived and common before it can be at all. It is still, in fact, being born.

JACK COMMON

HODGE AND HIS MASTERS

Sharpen the Sickle! The History of the Farmworkers' Union. By REG GROVES. *Porcupine Press.* 12s. 6d.

In the history of British rural labour two episodes only are well known to the ordinary man and woman—the story of the Tolpuddle Martyrs of 1834 and the great uprising of the 1870's, which is intimately associated with the name of Joseph Arch. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have also made many readers familiar with the Labourers' Revolt of the years immediately preceding the Reform Act of 1832, but this episode has never passed into popular history to the same extent as the other two. It is not without significance that two books dealing in very different ways with the story of the farmworkers' struggles have appeared this year and last—Mr. G. E. Fussell's *From Tolpuddle to T.U.C.*, and now Mr. Groves's *Sharpen the Sickle!* It is a pity that neither of these deals at all with the parallel history of the agricultural workers in Scotland, for Joseph Duncan's Scottish Farm Servants' Union has a story of its own worth the telling. Mr. Groves, moreover, limits himself in modern times almost entirely to the story of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, and has but little to say about other Unions which have attempted the difficult task of organising the agricultural workers.

Mr. Groves tells his story within its limits graphically and with strong human sympathy, and has much more than Mr. Fussell to say about the leading personalities among the agricultural leaders, especially since Arch's days. He passes very briefly indeed over the Labourers' Revolt, and in effect begins his story with the Tolpuddle Martyrs, and then jumps very rapidly to Arch's National Union, saying only a very little about such efforts as Canon Girdlestone's during the intervening years. When he comes to Arch he gives a reasonable account, not only of the "National" but also of the numerous other Unions which sprang up in the early Seventies only to disappear during the long agricultural depression that filled the final quarter of the nineteenth century. He then gives a fairly full account of the revival that took place immediately before the first World War, when both the National Agricultural Labourers' Union and its rival, the Workers' Union, were actively organising over a large part of England; and this leads on naturally to an account of the winning of the minimum wage in the Corn Production Act of 1917 and to the betrayal of the labourers when the Act was hastily repealed to the accompaniment of sharply falling prices in the post-war depression. Then comes the restoration of the minimum wage in imperfect form in 1924 and the strengthening of the Wages Board system by the second Labour Government in 1930. These events were followed by difficult times in the depression of the 1930's, and then by the great revival of Trade Unionism which accompanied the renascence of British agriculture during the second World War. Mr. Groves's book has obviously been written for popular consumption, especially for the Union's own members, but he gives a reasonable number of references in his appendix, which also includes some specimens from the songs written for the labourers' movement in Arch's days. On the whole, this is a likeable little volume, owing much to previous studies of the subject, but based also on fuller access to the records preserved by the Agricultural Workers' Union. I wish I had known that Mr. Groves was writing it, for he is mistaken in supposing that no Union records have survived from the Arch period. I have in my possession the original Minute Book of the Oxfordshire Agricultural Labourers from that date, as well as their banner, formerly carried in many Trade Union processions to protest against evictions. These were so often the sequel to the labourers' attempts to better their almost intolerable position by organising in face of the teeth of bitter opposition from gentry and farmers alike, including—though there were honourable exceptions—most of the parsons.

G. D. H. COLE

EDWARDIAN YORKSHIRE

The World is Wide Enough. By PERCY COATES. *Lehmann.* 10s. 6d.

The World is Wide Enough is autobiography recreated in the form of fiction. So, though Mr. Coates' book has the factual accuracy of personal observation, its speed and shape are that of a novel. What Mr. Coates has done is to take the first section of his life, up to the end of adolescence, and reproduce its main themes through two invented characters. Principally, the introduction of this adolescent friendship, which acts as a human scaffolding for the pressure of events, has given what, in other hands, might have been simply good social realism, set in Edwardian Yorkshire, a narrative suspense. Its shape, because it is an adventure story, is that of a straight line. But it is a straight line that, like a backbone, has many vertebræ, and it is the brilliant illumination of the vertebræ which gives Mr. Coates' book a social as well as a "fictional" value.

The arena into which Ellis Towers, the younger of Mr. Coates' chief characters, is forced to plunge is the underworld of Leeds. An illegitimate child, he watches his mother grow into a drunk-

ard at the hands of a tyrannical step-father, Reuben. They decide to leave Reuben, set out together on the road, and then separate:

> Near the Corn Exchange, centre of all, they stood together and stared into each other's face. He knew that he could follow her, that it would suit her best, would be best for her; but she would forget him. He could not stand that—to watch her lovely drooped red lips become livid, flaccid, the light of recognition fade from her eyes. He simply could not bear it.
>
> "So long, Mother," he said.
>
> "You can find me—you know where t' look."
>
> "Yes, Mother," he said, "Good day—"
>
> She was weeping now; but she could weep so easily. He turned away resolutely. To look back once. She was walking fast, her skirt dragging, the dark shawl already loose on her shoulders. She looks like a tramp, he thought sadly. Without form, or shape, yet he could pick out that figure from all the world.

This intense (on one side, anyway) mother-son relationship is implicit throughout the book. At intervals Mr. Coates returns to it explicitly.

"Ellis did not want to think of her. But she weighed on him, on his mind, and her shadow walked beside him. And thus it must remain throughout his life." But Mrs. Towers becomes a symbol of return, a pledge that can only be honoured with success. Everything that happens, every daydream, is part of a calculation, part of the search for "the elusive margin," money, "the source of all power, much money," so that the cycle could be completed, the return to innocence effected.

In Leeds Ellis meets Mark Norton, the orphaned son of an Army officer, who has run away from a charitable institution. They are both penniless, on the edge of adolescence, of life; behind them are the cracked shells of an old existence. What lies ahead will be entirely of their own making, their sole resources wit and ingenuity. From the time of their linking up—and it becomes a tender, barely spoken friendship—Mr. Coates portrays, through each of their eyes in turn, the phases of a bitter journey out of humiliation. Their beginning as paper-boys in the Jewish quarter of the Leylands, staring in at the fly-blown food behind dirt-encrusted windows, wondering how best to lay out their coppers; nights sleeping in the open, sometimes in the sanctuary of railway carriages, "the wind could blow out its cheeks, the long dark hours might crawl on out there, on and on . . . but they were safe." Then the road again, till they become apprentices on a new railway. Mr. Coates recreates each of these worlds with an unflinching realism, a realism that still preserves the freshness of pure sensation—fear, hope, sheer physical endurance. The season's gradual change counterpoints the change from industrial dosshouses to the clean Midland open-air life.

> January tore through, to leave a mass of misery and exacerbation. But some time in February the wind veered, became smooth as satin, rustled mildly in the trees, and touched with soft, warm fingers all the winter-gathered snow on hill and bank side. Soon hummocks of earth were thrusting through, steaming like the flanks of huge animals. On the railway work progressed at a speed beyond even the contract rate. . . . The gangs became even more fluid, everywhere laying heavier and stronger rails, settling down thicker and more strongly creosoted sleepers; and Ellis and Mark, working together, carried for these men huge sacks of bolts, fishplates and long steel spikes. They could see the end in sight.

Back to the road. Each time to a new trade, with new problems; always going south, their struggle hampered by victimisation, jealousy and ill-luck. But Mr. Coates keeps the narrative perpetually moving; from the black mouth of the pit-head to the painted swings of a fairground; from building contractors to Camden Town lodgings; from boxing in cheap booths and the Coliseum to becoming physical training instructors in a boys' club. It is in a sense a success story, a success story in which the failure of a working-class generation to achieve self-determination is redeemed by a specific exception. This exception is Mr. Coates' symbolic *Dichtung*; the *Wahrheit* was something they knew but did not speak about.

> True, they had heard rumours of war—but that was far away, in remote Africa. The political and social significance of the age, in fact, weighed on them no more heavily than thistle-down blown across green-glowing hedges. When they picked up scattered scraps of newspaper, read of new measures passed to lighten the load of an oppressed people, they could not grasp the meaning of these statements. So far as they could see everything remained the same. On every road they travelled, still to be met were hordes of homeless people shuffling along, whining out the same plea for bread. Everywhere in the cities, the same slums, the same bug-ridden dosshouses . . . on every rung of the ladder the same greed and struggle.

Certainly in Mr. Coates' book, social injustice, cruelty, corruption, vice, near-starvation, all have their place. But they are accepted as part of a social pattern, accepted because it is the only one that is known. Wisely, Mr. Coates has not commented from the detachment of maturity. He has told what is primarily an "outside" story—unprivileged man's relationship, stripped to essentials, with the society of his time—from the "inside." The preoccupations of his two characters are not superficial so much as simply unformed. Mr. Coates has not corrected this, and, as a work of art, *The World is Wide Enough* gains from his restraint. Its characters are concerned with their bodies, not with their minds, because the body is their greatest weapon—something to be hardened, tuned, caressed into a perfect instrument for work and self-defence. Their enemy is never society but hunger, never the ruling classes but spiritual despair. They are individuals in an age whose solidarity began at a much higher social level. For them the only excitements were the excitements of physical conquest, of athletic competition, and these Mr. Coates magnificently conveys.

There is still, nevertheless, much that he has left unsaid. The book ends just before the Great War, his two main characters barely twenty. Rightly he has concentrated on their external world of physical perception, because for them it must have been the real world. The world of awareness, social, political, sexual, is still to be explored. But if Mr. Coates can re-create it in so imaginative and flexible a prose, with such a certainty of characterisation, the result may well be one of the best autobiographies of our time, the other side of the coin to Sir Osbert Sitwell's.

ALAN ROSS

A CORNISH RHAPSODY

Alfred Wallis. By SVEN BERLIN. *Nicholson & Watson.* 21s.

Alfred Wallis was a Cornish fisherman turned rag and boneman, who, at the age of sixty, started to paint; he continued to do so up to his death from senile decay in Madron Public Assistance Institution seven years ago: the last part of his life had been troubled by a persecution mania, which amounted at times to insanity. Already before his death his pictures were being collected (The Museum of Modern Art bought one). More recently his admirers have been exaggerating his very real but miniature talent. Mr. Berlin's book is an example. Wallis's work is primarily interesting to us for the influence it had on the two painters who discovered it; Nicholson rationalised and clarified motifs he borrowed from Wallis; Wood prettified them. Both professional artists had qualities which one does not find in the work of a *naif*; they produced works of art. Wallis did not, but his pictures have a redolence of Cornwall which theirs lack.

Much primitive painting is superficially delightful in a two-dimensional, formless way for *fauve* qualities of colour and design. Wallis's work had many of these merits; also it was often painterly. His design, his texture and his ingenuous drawing are always pleasing; and he is mostly an excellent colourist. His results were often fortuitous and derived from the materials he used. He preferred shiny yacht paint, only

PEARSON
FOUNDATION COLLEGE
Inaugurated on the 21st of April, 1949
Intra & extra-mural courses in Phi sophy, Psychology, scientific studie relating to Healing, Primal Healing and Psycho-somatics. Full syllabus from:
Dept. S, Gregory Pearson House, London, S.W.5 (encl. S.A.E.).

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE ORDINARY MAN
By REUBEN OSBORN 6s.
Reuben Osborn supplies a brilliant corrective to current vulgarities . . . He is a trained thinker with a firm grasp of the key principles of philosophy . . . Osborn's book goes beyond Joad . . . It presents one of the most lucid and concise examinations of modern philosophical theory that I have read. Bertrand Russell himself could not be clearer . . . I can recommend this little book enthusiastically. H P in Cavalcade.
QUALITY PRESS LTD., 18 ADAM STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON W.C.2

DEAN & DAWSON
HOLIDAYS IN AUSTRIA!
Austria offers many attractive alternatives to the more usual Continental resorts, while inclusive 17 days' holidays there can be arranged for as little as £33.1.0. Similar arrangements are, of course, available for Italy, France, Scandinavia, etc., as well as numerous motor Coach Tours. Whatever you chose Dean & Dawson offer a wonderful selection and that *individual attention* to your plans for which they have been known for so many years.
A personal call at any branch is best or write stating what type of holiday and which country on the Continent interests you.

DEAN & DAWSON LTD. (Dept. 41) 81, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.
Branches in most Provincial Towns.

LIFE-BOAT FACTS
S.O.S.
There are 154 Life-boats in the R.N.L.I. Fleet.
They cost from £9,000 to £20,000 according to type. Send a contribution however small towards the cost of building and maintaining these boats.
ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., Treasurer.
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., Secretary.

available in a certain range of colours—black, murky green, brown, grey, different blues and orange; and he achieved a variety of effects by leaving bare, or only thinly painted, patches on his buff-coloured cardboard ground. But Wallis cut much deeper than the ordinary run of *naifs*. His pictures are seldom merely amusing, pretty or quaint—like so many of the Cornish primitives one see in the pubs at Mousehole or Newlyn. Perhaps madness gave his innocent eye the intensity which glows in his best painting. Schooners menaced by icebergs tear at night across an orange sea from Labrador; luggers turn turtle as they negotiate the choppy channel outside a harbour; while on shore the dice-like houses of St. Ives seem as buttoned-up and uniform as the Salvation Army lads and lassies who live in them. Still none of these pictures are as important as Mr. Berlin would have us believe. Pinned to the studio wall, they can make their modest mark; but over-framed and over-lit, they are at once insignificant. The author's comments on what he calls the "Death Pictures"—"he left us a record of the process of death"—lead one to expect a masterpiece on the scale of the *Bateau Ivre*, but when we turn to the relevant reproduction, all we find is another steamer. Wallis painted a lot. His pictures ceased to have much quality towards the end of his life. At their worst they are banal, repetitive and childish.

Mr. Berlin's painstaking book is an attempt to establish Wallis on a level he does not reach. We are shown this simple, unpretentious man, layers of consciousness and all—sometimes deeply rooted in the faith and traditions of a wild county, sometimes silhouetted against the vastness of the sea, always in conflict with Angels and Devils. At this rate, the author's mentioning him with Van Gogh is not surprising. Inflated with appreciation and inordinate comparisons, little Wallis is blown away to disappear from sight. This painter requires a setting no larger in scale, no more ambitious than his pictures. Certainly some record of his work was needed, and nobody was better qualified than Mr. Berlin to do it. What a pity his judgment has been so clouded by sentiment! One can agree only with half of his conclusion—"It may be that being so near I am seeing him out of proportion—almost certainly I am—he is probably larger or smaller than I judge." JOHN RICHARDSON

Twenty Shillings in the Pound. By W. MACQUEEN POPE. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

Mr. Macqueen Pope has here set down his memories of the period 1890–1914, which he regards as a Golden Age, at least for the Middle Class with whom his book is mainly concerned. His memory seems to be as bottomless as his enthusiasm is unbounded, and the book is packed with small details which will make it a gold-mine for the social historian, a kind of Victorian Paston Letters. There is no aspect of life at the period, from schoolboys' games to newspapers and from military equipment to etiquette at dances, which Mr. Macqueen Pope does not describe with love and knowledge.

PLANNING BASIS for KENT

Comprising Reports on the County Planning Survey & County Road Plan. 17 original maps & diagrams & numerous photographs.

"If the rising generation is to grasp the change that is taking place in the whole conception of land development this is the kind of book that should be read."
"As a County Survey this may be taken as a model for similar undertakings elsewhere."

25 shillings

OBTAINABLE THROUGH BOOKSELLERS OR FROM THE KENT COUNTY COUNCIL, COUNTY HALL, MAIDSTONE.

POSTAGE 9d.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,001

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for fourteen lines of verse, in the temperate manner and spirit of Goldsmith's *Retaliation*, on any one of the following: Lord Montgomery, Sir Laurence Olivier, Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, Sir Stafford Cripps, Denis Compton, Harold Nicolson. An extract from the passages on Burke is given below for the benefit of competitors who are away from their libraries.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Universe, narrow's his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind . .
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, to proud for a wit:
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy's, or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 998

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for the last stanza and *envoi* of a Ballade addressed by a playwright to the Lord Chamberlain.

Report by Richard Lister

What has always distressed serious moralists, such as Mr. Shaw, about the censorship, is less what it thinks indecent than what it appears to consider decent. L. E. J. put the point at its neatest in his *envoi*:

Earl, when before the throne you stand
And Peter marks with pencil blue
The thousand plays you have not banned,
It shall not be forgiven you.

And the majority of competitors took the same sensible line. No theatrical managers appear to have entered for the competition—for no one came to the Lord Chamberlain's defence. Perhaps it was a mistake to ask for only a truncated ballade. More than one competitor pointed out that a ballade, like a play, must be whole or nothing. In the circumstances I have not been strict in judging the form, but have awarded the prizes for neatness and point. Among the last few in an amusing entry were L. G. Udall, L. V. Upward, Edward Blishen and H. A. C. Evans. A first prize of two guineas to J. R. Till, a second of thirty shillings to Terence and consolation prizes of half a guinea to the remainder printed.

The final act is set at Bude—
Perhaps you'd skim it after tea;
The curtain falls on *Enter nude*:
Herewith an "Adults Only" fee.
You'll notice that no foreign knee
Emerges from a British bed,
And though I've aired my history
There's nothing to offend the dead.

My lord, be pleased to license me:
Demurely blue but never red,
This play won't harm the *bourgeoisie*—
There's nothing to offend the dead.

J. R. TILL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

to any address in the world.

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.

By Air to any country in Europe, £2 10s yearly. (except Germany, Poland and Iceland, which are £3)

Canada and U.S.A., Air Edition £3 15s. ($15), yearly; Six months, £2 ($8).

Surface Edition, $7 Yearly; Six months, $3.50

Subscriptions may be remitted to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.

To other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 8471.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

Shall I remove that sultry scene,
This tart allusion? Take away
The tender dialogue between
Her chauffeur and the Lady K...?
Or are these protestant to-day
Great-grandsons whom to spare you banned
My piece? If you would only say
What is it that you cannot stand?

My Lord enlightenment I pray:
Uncertainty has me unmanned.
I only want to sell my play—
What! Is it *that* you cannot stand?

TERENCE

'Tis true the accent's on the flesh
The plot is crude and primitive
The bedroom scenes are rather fresh
The dialogue in expletive.
The characters, near libel, give
A likeness so notorious
The play must needs be lucrative—
O be not too censorious.

Censor, though Plays be negative
Or ribald, and laborious
Yet e'en a Dramatist must live
O be not too censorious.

H. P.

I have alternative recourse:
Fair Fame's full banquet I'll eschew
And savour Scandal's piquant sauce.
Perchance my name in radiant hue
May never draw a dazzled queue
To the West End's rekindled light:
I'll burn a candle for the few,
Present my play on Sunday night.

Sir, though your ancient power to ban
May seem Ambition's hopes to blight,
I'll duck the laws of God and Man—
Present my play on Sunday night.

D. E. C. CAVE

My play is as pure as snow,
Without a suggestion of smut,
With nothing unseemly or low
To call forth a titter or tut;
No scene in brothel or bed,
Nor libellous use, as a butt,
Of anyone, living or dead;
So there is nothing a Censor can cut.

Envoi

A playwright, my lord, has just said
You're Democracy's tested strut;
My play is not Fascist or Red,
So there's nothing a Censor can cut.

STANLEY FRENCH

I toast your Lordship in the pub,
For when you ban my sordid play
I run it at a theatre club—
It's such a splendid draw that way;
I'd never make the drama pay
Without your Lordship's helping hand,
So raise aloft, whilst trumpets bray,
The Banner of our Happy Band.

Envoi

Lord Chamberlain, stand firm, I pray,
Against the critics in the land,
Lest Vice creep in and steal away
The Banner of our Happy Band.

JOHN GRANT

And if perchance you ask us why
The indignation and the stress
Some of us playwrights would reply
That you still hold us in duress—
Our output fails; the few may bless,
The many bring a malediction,
And some assert with G.B.S.:
You are, *qua* Censor, but a fiction.

Lord Chamberlain, I too confess
That this is now my own conviction—
Qua man you live, but none the less
You are *qua* Censor but a fiction.

DAMON

JUST PUBLISHED

NINTH EDITION

6/-

Birth Control To-day

By Dr. MARIE STOPES

The most helpful book for all the world

At every bookseller, or direct from

Alex. Moring Ltd., 2a Cork St., Bond St., W.1

"I think I'd like a White Horse better than anything"

MAXIMUM PRICES:—
Bottles 33/4, ½-Bottles 17/5 as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/7 and 3/10. Also new 3½d. size.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE FOR WRITERS

More paper means more scope for writers. Let expert coaches teach individually by post, saving time, expense and disappointment. *The only School under patronage of leading newspaper proprietors.* Courses: Journalism, Short Stories, Poetry, Radio Plays, REDUCED FEES. FREE BOOK from: Prospectus Office, LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, 57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.2.

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—someone's at my King Six Cigars (1/7 each)

A SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Director—WILLIAM GLOCK

will be held at

BRYANSTON SCHOOL, DORSET

AUGUST 13—SEPTEMBER 3

Lecturers and Teachers:

Nadia Boulanger, Boris Blacher, Pierre Fournier, J. A. Westrup, William Glock, Richard and Anthony Lewis, Priaulx Rainier, Joan Cross, R. L. Jacobs, Arthur Waley, Michael Saint-Denis, E. Canetti.

Artists:

Pierre Fournier, Denis Matthews, Monique Haas, Mewton-Wood, Alfred Deller, Richard Lewis, Olive Zorian, Erich Gruenberg, Maria Donska.
Amadeus String Quartet, London Chamber Singers under Anthony Bernard, Morley College Choir under Antony Hopkins.

Inclusive Fee: ***NINE GUINEAS PER WEEK***

Write for Prospectus to:—

THE SECRETARY, 29, Holland Villas Road, London, W.14

GLENEAGLES hotel

THE FAVOURITE SCOTTISH RESORT
for all ages . . .

NURSERY JOYS · GARDEN PLAYGROUND · GAMES CINEMA · GOLF · TENNIS SQUASH · SWIMMING AND DANCING

Accommodation enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

Open from Easter to October

THE HOTELS EXECUTIVE
BRITISH TRANSPORT · LONDON N.W.1

GHIB

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the **Matric.**; School Cert.; University Entrance; B. Com.; B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B. and other external London Degrees, **Civil Service Examinations**, etc.

Also expert postal tuition for **Prelim. Exams.** and for the professional exams. in **Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c.**, and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

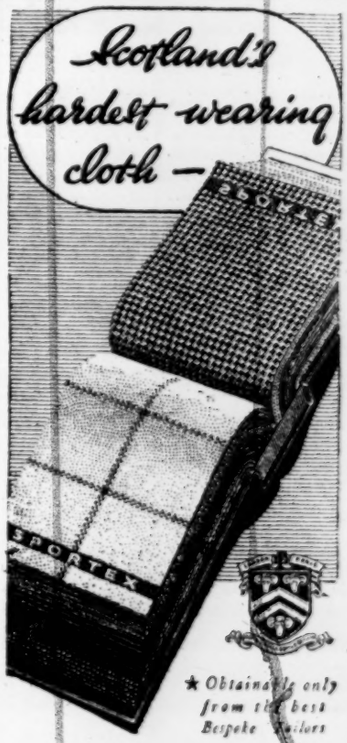
25,000
POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSES
and hundreds of First Places, Prizes and other Honours

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.
Write to-day for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D1/4),

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS

or call, 30, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

Scotland's hardest-wearing cloth —



★ *Obtainable only from the best Bespoke Tailors*

Sportex

THE LITTLE THAT MATTERS SO MUCH

The test of aspirin is its purity. Just because of its purity Howards Aspirin costs a little more.

HOWARDS ASPIRIN

It is not the cheapest—it is the best.

Made by **HOWARDS OF ILFORD**

Established 1797